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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 573

IN THE WILDERNESS. By  
The Man with a Lamp... 576

### LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Facts about Disarma-  
ment ... 577  
David and Jonathan ... 577

### MIDDLE ARTICLES:—

Firmin Gémier. By Arthur  
Symons ... 578  
The Nonsense about  
Cézanne. By D. S.  
MacColl ... 579  
Three Music Halls. By  
James Agate ... 581  
Schonberg and Another. By  
E. A. Baughan ... 582  
The Pheasant at Table ... 582

### CORRESPONDENCE:—

The Decentralization of  
Harley Street. (From a  
Medical Correspondent) 583

### VERSE:—

The Highland Ship. By  
Wilfrid Thorley ... 584

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—

Ireland ... 584  
State Education ... 585  
Relativity ... 585  
Industrial Insurance (Abuses)  
Bill ... 586  
The German Menace ... 586  
The Price of Beer ... 586  
National War Memorial to  
Animals ... 586

### REVIEWS:—

Savonarola in Mayfair ... 587  
A Play about Heaven ... 587  
The Abuse of Legal Procedure ... 588  
Moonshine from the East... 588  
A Theory of Heredity ... 589  
The Outlook in India ... 590  
Men and Children ... 590  
A Sporting Schoolmaster ... 591  
Le Morte D'Arthur ... 591  
The Problem of Mexico ... 591  
Dartmoor Gossip ... 592  
J. S. Mann ... 592  
A Dexterous Muse ... 592  
Gambetta ... 592  
The Athlete of the Revolution ... 593  
Fiction ... 593  
Shorter Notices ... 594  
Chess ... 595  
Books Received ... 596

FINANCIAL SUPPLEMENT 41-48

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## Notes of the Week

IN spite of sensational paragraphs and headlines, the Irish position is exactly where it was. Sinn Féin demands a united Ireland and admits that she only demands it on principle. Her present claims are, of course, for much more. The proposals before the Cabinet are these: Dominion Status for Ireland with two provinces—Ulster and the South; adequate guarantees for Ulster—minus Fermanagh and Tyrone. Sinn Féin is quite ready to give way on Fermanagh and Tyrone, to admit allegiance to the Crown, to give a contribution to the Exchequer annually, to permit Naval Control to remain in the hands of the Parliament at Westminster—provided always that the unity of Ireland is recognised. Ulster, on the other hand, has a much better case than the public knows. The public will be well advised to suspend a hasty judgment on Ulster's attitude.

As we anticipated last week a determined effort has been made to put Ulster in the wrong. We think that Ulster has been foolish in falling into the trap. Having come to London the Ulster cabinet might as well have gone into the Conference. They would have lost nothing by so doing and they would have gained the popular goodwill. But this of course would not have altered the facts. We have repeatedly stated that Ulster is opposed to a united Ireland and to a complete severance from this country. The fact would not have been altered by a Conference, though it might well have been that Sinn Féin would have appeared during the Conference in a more uncompromising attitude than the representatives of the North. Although it is certain that Sinn Féin is willing to give way on all points except the one she cares about, she has not yet done so. Ulster is generally represented as having given up nothing. She has given up much. She has been quite wrongly judged, mainly owing to her own fault.

Ulster's attitude is quite well defined. She is by no means uncompromising. She is long past the stage of 1914. She is willing to allow Sinn Féin to obtain any solution it can get. What she says in effect is this: "If Sinn Féin wants a Dominion Status she can have it for Southern Ireland. Why should we be forced to come into it? We have as much right to self-determination as Sinn Féin." This attitude, of course, involves the sacrifice of the largely Roman Catholic counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone. It is authoritatively stated that Ulster would be willing to sacrifice Fermanagh and Tyrone for the sake of preserving her integrity and her relations with this country. Although such a solution would involve a higher income tax in Ulster than in the South and West of Ireland, with Ulster a principle is a principle. We hold to our well-defined attitude. It is as immoral to bring extraneous pressure to bear on Ulster as it is to bring it on Sinn Féin. No settlement in history was ever achieved by coercion, direct or indirect. We are disgusted by the attitude of that section of the Press and of the community which has been holding its hands up in holy horror at the military operations against the South of Ireland and which would now, without a qualm of conscience, go through the same degrading business in Ulster. They have made the discovery that Ulster is smaller in territory than the rest of Ireland and could be coerced more easily. We loathe this thinly-veiled version of the theory that might is right.

It is now certain that Ulster cannot rely for support on the Conservative party in England. It is equally certain that she cannot rely for support on the electorate in England and Scotland. She stands alone. We shall not therefore abandon her. If a settlement is to be reached it must be reached by her consent. We are not influenced by the fact that she is playing her cards badly. We look at the real crux of the problem. If she shows her willingness to sacrifice Fermanagh and Tyrone and to allow Sinn Féin to obtain any form of self-government it may desire, exclusive of Ulster's territory, we shall be with her to the end. There is no doubt that this is Ulster's attitude. She has, naturally, not yet offered to concede all that she will concede. Nor has Sinn Féin. She is losing much and will lose more, in the material sense, by refusing to allow Ireland to become a whole. But let there be no mistake about it: if Sinn Féin shows a disposition to govern fairly and well Ulster will eventually co-operate with Sinn Féin. She has every right to wait and see. In spite of what is said her position is impregnable. She cannot be coerced. Ulster, on this occasion, will not fight and Ulster, as usual, will be right.

The Liverpool Conference, about which political opinion in this country worked itself up to a pitch of war excitement, was a farce. Mr. Lloyd George has again dished the Die-Hards. He has not published his proposals nor Ulster's reply, and the debate took place in the dark. The attitude of the Government leaders is quite contemptible. They made the issue one of Peace or War, just as Mr. Lloyd George did in the House of Commons. That is not the issue at all. The issue is: What will happen if Ulster maintains a stubborn attitude? Is she to be coerced? If the Irish negotiations break down what is the policy of the Government? We shall press for an answer to

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this question and we strongly recommend our Conservative friends to do likewise. If they confine their criticism of the Government to "the long continued ascendancy of crime and rebellion" and some circumlocutory palaver about "imperial security" they will fall into Mr. Lloyd George's snare. What they must press for is a definition of the Government's attitude in the event of Ulster persisting in her refusal to enter the Conference, unless certain "fundamental principles" are withdrawn from discussion.

The weakness of the Die-Hard attitude is that the Die-Hards are not really serious about Ireland. Their attitude is dictated by a hatred of the Coalition and disgust with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Austen Chamberlain personally. They loathe Mr. Montagu's policy in India. They despise the Milner proposals for Egypt. They believe Bolshevism to be a serious danger. They are Imperialists of the old school; and what they lack in ability they make up in passion. They relied on Mr. Bonar Law. The Premier knew this perfectly well, and he took good care not to publish the Irish proposals. Mr. Bonar Law can obviously not come out as leader of the Die-Hards unless the proposals are published, otherwise he would make a fool of himself. As the Government show no desire to publish the proposals, his one chance is to come out with some proposals of his own. He is seriously considering this course. Whatever he does he is doomed to failure. He has played the political game throughout this business, and in 1918 was actually a party with Mr. Lloyd George in making proposals to the Irish Convention which were identical in principle with the present proposals. We recommend the late Leader of the Conservative party to "look unto the rock whence he is hewn." Mr. Lloyd George has a dossier at Downing Street which would ruin Mr. Bonar Law's reputation as an honest man and his chance with the electorate.

The petty intrigue and squalid scheming which is going on behind the scenes of the Irish negotiations is one of the most unsavoury pages of political history. We have repeatedly said that the age-long Irish differences are being used by the Die-Hards as cover for a night attack on the Coalition trenches. Mr. Lloyd George, on his side, is taking advantage of the fog to consolidate his new positions. If he can convince the world that Ulster blocks the way to a settlement, his position will be impregnable. Whatever happens, the country will have to pay. It is being used as a pawn in this purely political game. We have no sympathy with either side in the dispute. What we shall continue to press for is a definition of Mr. Lloyd George's real policy. There is no man who has brought the art of creating false issues to such a pitch of sublimity. He has the continued audacity to make out that he stands for Peace and that anyone who criticises him stands for War. We wish that this business could have been entrusted to cleaner hands.

If only the men and women of this country could see the Irish problem as it is there would not be so much hyper-sentimental nonsense talked and written. As Ulster has quite clearly refused to enter the Conference unless Sinn Féin withdraws its rockbottom principle, a United Ireland, the only question which remains is: What can this Government or any other Government do? Mr. Lloyd George has very cleverly prevented that question being asked. It was not involved in any motion down at Liverpool nor has a single newspaper in the country asked it. If any politician had the sense to ask it he would put the present Government in a serious dilemma. It would be forced to admit that no progress whatever had been made towards a settlement. Now, if the negotiations break down, Mr. Lloyd George will be able to say that it was because the Die-Hards compromised the negotiations by their un-

warrantable and unstatesmanlike attitude. The sort of futile motions that were on the paper at Liverpool are exactly what Mr. Lloyd George is looking for.

What good the internecine conflict within the ranks of the Conservative party is going to do to the Conservative party, to Ulster or to this country, we are unable to fathom. There is only one logical result. After the next general election an Independent Conservative party will be sitting where the Independent Liberals now sit, and the Independent Liberals will be under Mr. Lloyd George's banner. The Die-Hards, it is true, have been beaten partly by Mr. Lloyd George's strategy. He precipitated the discussion of their motion in the House. The conference of the Conservative party is an annual affair and its date was fixed before the present developments were known. But in spite of all this the forty-five odd members of the right wing of the Conservative party have shown a lack of foresight, an absence of judgment, and a personal animus which have given away their whole case. At the last minute they realised the hopelessness of their position and actually abandoned their more stringent motions in favour of a perfectly meaningless farrago of words.

Full to overflowing with the Washington Conference, the Press has given no prominence whatever to a piece of news that may be of the utmost importance not only to the Far East and the Conference, but to the whole world. We found it in a small type, three-line item in the *Times* which stated that Prince Yamagata, who is 83, was seriously ill. The prince is in some respects the most remarkable of living men. Born a simple gentleman of Choshu, the great military clan of Japan, he has been for the past thirty years the real ruler of his country, since he has had the last word on its foreign and domestic policies. He fought in the civil wars that brought about the Restoration of the Emperor, and since then he has seen Japan grow from a small State of no account to the Great Power she is to-day: a transformation without a parallel in history, and one for which he far more than any other man is responsible. Made successively count, marquis and prince, he has held the highest offices of State, and has long been Chief of the Army, as well as leader of the "Elder Statesmen." Japan's policy towards China was and is inspired by him, and we may be sure that the Japanese Delegation at Washington has been told what his wishes are. Yet Young Japan hardly knows the old prince even by sight, though it constantly wonders what will happen after he passes away.

It is hardly too much to say that not only the Washington Conference and the United States, as in its case was to be anticipated, but the rest of the world were stampeded and swept off their feet by the magnificence of the proposals for disarmament put forward on Saturday last by Mr. Secretary Hughes. Surely there never was a more striking instance of the effectiveness of the *beau geste*, and it looked as if everybody was in some danger of falling under the dominion of a Government of Gush. But second thoughts, with their customary result of restoring a sense of perspective and proportion, have quickly had a sobering and subduing influence, and reality is again asserting itself as the one and only safe guide in this, as in everything else. Our first leading article deals with the American proposals, chiefly as they affect the Empire. But we may note that some cynical observers, both here and in the United States, see in these proposals now nothing so much as an extraordinarily shrewd and clever political move on the part of the Republican Party, of which Mr. Harding is the leader, with a view to commending itself as the party to support in the forthcoming elections, those held shortly before the Conference having indicated a distinct reaction towards the Democrats. There are some evil-minded people in the world, to be sure!



As we foretold last week when referring to the assassination of Mr. Hara, a successor was quickly found for him by Prince Yamagata and the governing junta of Japan in a member of the existing Cabinet who, with the rest of it, is deeply pledged to carry out their plans. Anyone acquainted with the true political situation in Japan could expect nothing else. Baron Takahashi, the new Premier, was Minister of Finance under Hara, and was well-known in the West in connexion with the floating of loans some sixteen years ago. He is primarily a banker and a financier, and as late as June last he expressed approval of the interventionist policy in China. Characteristically, he spoke of achieving results through giving unlimited loans to China—in other words, to make use of financial corruption as the means of getting China more firmly into the grasp of Japan. That utterance was made about a month before the invitations to the Washington Conference were sent out by Mr. Harding, but it indicated one of the lines by which Japan hoped to become dominant in China, and it remains to be seen whether she will relinquish it.

With the arrival of the Prince of Wales in India on Thursday, general attention is once more drawn to that country, which, in spite of a policy that, as we think, is ill-advised, remains and we hope may long remain one of the greatest of British interests. It is most regrettable that the Indian Government has not yet been able to suppress the Moplah insurrection, which indeed appears to be becoming even more formidable than we had been led to suppose was possible. The only good thing to be said about this revolt is that those political idealists or rather dreamers who regard India as a unity must now see how far this is from being the fact, for nothing is clearer than that the differences between the Hindus and the Mahomedans, which are fundamental, have been thrown into sharp relief by what has taken place in the course of the insurrection. We trust that our newspapers will take the opportunity given by the Prince's visit of describing at length, not only the visit, but what really is happening in India. In this connexion we congratulate the *Daily Telegraph* on the large amount of space it devotes to news of India and the excellence of its special articles, which deal in detail, almost from day to day, with the Moplah Insurrection.

Mention of the Mahomedans of India leads naturally enough to the observation that, so far as is known, our Government has taken no steps to reach a settlement with Turkey, as represented by Mustafa Kemal and the Angora Assembly. In a long and impressive letter to the *Times* the Aga Khan the other day drew attention to the connexion there exists between those two Moslem groups, and the bearing of this fact on British policy, as grounds for our coming to terms with the Kemalists. We agree. With regard to the controversy still raging around the pact made with Angora by France, we are still without sufficient information to pronounce definitely on its merits or demerits. One of its demerits, however, is already painfully obvious, and this is that the withdrawal of France from Cilicia bodes very ill for the Christian communities, whether Armenian or Greek, in that region, and is not likely to have other than a bad effect on the considerable number of Arabs who are settled there. It is no wonder that these poor people are already translating their fears into panic, and betaking themselves with all speed to places of safety. In this matter France is plainly at fault, and our Foreign Office should not hesitate to tell her so.

We had an impression that since the Upper Silesian decision, and partly because it was on the whole very favourable to them, the Poles were inclined to show a more reasonable attitude, which is much to be desired in the general interest, towards Lithuania as regards

Vilna. Though the question awaits settlement by the League of Nations, the Polish Government has announced its intention of deciding it themselves by holding a plebiscite in Vilna and in the block of territory which extends for some eighty miles south-east of the city, this considerable area being brought in to obtain, according to the Poles, a "more accurate expression of opinion." This, however, is practically to give away the Polish case, for it is the fact that the territory fastened on to Vilna in this way is peopled more or less by Poles, and is included in the scope of the plebiscite merely because it is more distinctively Polish than Lithuanian; the idea being, of course, that the whole area under plebiscite will give a far better result for the Poles than Vilna and the Vilna district proper would. It is a great pity, we think, that the Vilna question is still allowed to drag on.

After a four days' strike, in which the city had neither newspapers nor trams, and every shop was closed, Rome regained her usual calm at the beginning of this week. The cause of the trouble was the holding there of a Fascisti Congress, in support of which Fascisti to the number of 40,000 had come from all parts of Italy, and behaved towards the ordinary population in the most intolerable manner. There were riots with much bloodshed, and a reign of terror was established for a time. The affair is characteristic of the unfortunate kind of thing into which the Fascisti movement has developed. Established two years ago by patriotic men who were determined to defeat the malign activities of Bolshevism then rampant in Italy, especially in the north, the organisation, whose work at first was beneficial and praiseworthy, has grown into a tyranny as detestable as that which it came into existence to overthrow. Mussolini and other Fascisti leaders are now trying to give it a better direction. We are not surprised that the position of the Italian Government, which permitted the Congress to be convened in Rome, was severely shaken by the untoward events of last week.

Sir Hugh Trenchard has fluttered the dovescotes of civil aviation by his speech at Glasgow on Monday, in which he damned civilian enterprise with the faintest praise and suggested the formation of an Auxiliary Air Force on lines resembling the Territorial Army. The establishment of such an auxiliary appears to us at the moment unwise, if only because of the expense which it must entail. But civil aviation in this country is in an unsatisfactory position and does not at present succeed as a commercial undertaking; yet it cannot be denied that it has a future and that to foster its progress is important for the welfare of the country. What part, then, if any, should the State take in the enterprise?

Much as we deprecate the participation of the State in any business concern, and the granting of doles and subsidies to insolvent industries, civil aviation does seem to us the single exception in which such interference is justified. Side by side with the Washington proposals to sink half of the world's navies we see in the Press details of a vast new American aeroplane armed with thirty machine-guns. Other nations are not idle in these matters and, seeing in civil aviation a valuable military asset in the event of war, have already granted substantial subsidies towards its maintenance. If navies go, aeroplanes will become more than ever important, and constant progress and close research are necessary to produce an efficient force. It is cheaper to encourage these things by paying a small sum annually towards their consummation by private enterprise which could not otherwise function, than to withdraw this support and have the whole cost charged on the Air Force Estimates.

It is well known, of course, by now that Communism in action has proved the very antithesis of democratic freedom, and the Communists in this country have been living up to this principle by their recent campaign of obstruction at public meetings. Since they so assiduously attempt to deny the right of free speech to others they cannot justly complain if they in their turn are similarly treated. It is more than time that they were suppressed and their contemptible propaganda frustrated. But still nothing is done, and though three more meetings were disturbed during the last week, no one was detained. The Government must not imagine that because they are busy with Ireland, other problems will solve themselves. Communism is becoming a very sinister influence in the country.

It is usually with a feeling of sadness that we read of the dispersal of fine private literary collections; but, in the case of Sir Wathen Waller's wonderful series of autograph papers of Horace Walpole and his circle, our regret is tempered by the knowledge that these have been examined by Mr. Paget Toynbee, and that practically all of them have either been published by him or have been transcribed for publication in the near future. Few schoolboy cliques have become so famous as the Eton "quadruple alliance" of Walpole, Gray, West and Ashton, and how rich in memories of the mid-eighteenth century the Waller letters are is shown by the fact that, besides letters and poems by Walpole and West (a young poet who might have been great, had he lived), there are among them over a hundred of Gray's letters. It would be a great thing could all such collections be similarly transcribed before being sold; but in this case, at least, we can feel that, whithersoever the originals may go when they leave Sotheby's next month, their matter has been saved for the enjoyment of English readers.

## In the Wilderness

A WEEKLY COMMENTARY

*Downing Street, 19 November, 1921*

I WANT to diagnose this week the illness of Officialism. Of that illness a fissiparous bureaucracy is the most obvious symptom. But it is with the less obvious and more subtle symptom of the disease that I am for the moment concerned—its insidious grip on the organ of public order. The police force is the oldest of our democratic institutions. The police officer acts traditionally by the authority of the locality and not by the authority of the State. As an instrument of centralised tyranny the policeman is a comparatively recent discovery. Before the advent of the present administration the police force was the most democratic expression of the desire for public order. It was the organ whereby the social instinct insured itself against disorder. Partly by Scotland Yard, partly by D.O.R.A. and the Home Office—always at the inspiration of the new Downing Street—the police force has been converted into a body which can receive its orders from the State—secret and confidential orders. It is now an agency of the Government. So far I speak of well-known things. But I want to direct attention to another aspect of inflated executive power. The police, having been made the agents of D.O.R.A., have assumed it to be one of their essential duties to become dictators of conduct. The assumption is not surprising, for the State in the last few years has taken up the attitude of directly prescribing what the citizens should do.

The new notion is particularly dangerous now that State activity has reached that point of perfection when there remains not a branch of our lives, not a single one of our duties, not an aspect of our amusements into which the State in some form or other does not creep,

which it does not in some form or other control. And the repercussion of the new notion on the individual is most serious when the executive authority feels called on to uphold a code of morality.

It would indeed have been amazing had the insolent expansion of officialism left the police force immune from the new Prussianism. When third-rate busybodies have an authority that our countrymen have traditionally begrudged to cabinets and even to Parliaments, it is not surprising that a police constable can assume in our polity a moral authority which the most devout of Catholics deny even to the Court of Casuistry in Rome.

I want to avoid generalisations and to take actual instances of the disease as I see it in my daily observation. In the past few months numbers of respectable persons have been convicted in Magistrates' Courts of offences against morality—wrongly convicted, for they were subsequently found to be innocent. I have before me particulars of eight recent cases which present similar features. The charges were of annoying women. The accused person was denied his primary right of being confronted by his accuser. In each case the magistrate convicted the defendant on uncorroborated police evidence. The accused persons were members of distinguished professions and generally of the clerical calling. In one case an old gentleman of more than seventy years of age, who had been in Holy Orders for forty years, whose eyesight was failing, was charged with peering into the faces of two women as he passed. The women did not come forward and there was no evidence that they made any complaint. The defendant had a cataract in his left eye and it was therefore necessary for him to stare at people in order to see them. The evidence against him was uncorroborated police evidence. He emphatically denied the accusation. He was convicted at Marlborough Street on the 12th of March last; and his subsequent appeal against this conviction was successful.

It is enough for a respectable person to be charged with an unpleasant offence, for the stigma to remain imprinted upon him for ever, even if he be exonerated. Quite apart from the stigma, I can only regard with apprehension the imputation that the oath of a policeman is considered superior to my own or to that of any other person who does not happen to be a policeman. If a secular person gave evidence of this character it would not pass without corroboration. The argument used by magistrates in accepting uncorroborated police evidence is that the police need to be encouraged or they would not bring charges. The argument displays a profound ignorance of the British theory of justice. The police should not be encouraged. They are there to check disorder and not to seek out occasions for unwarrantable interference.

We want an efficient police force, and provided the magistracy is alive to the meaning of evidence, an efficient police force is not dangerous. But when an efficient police force is supplemented by the presumption that the police can do no wrong, it is time to restrict the spheres in which they can do wrong legally. There used to be a particularly clear conception of the functions of policemen in this country. They were regarded as keepers of public order and not as guardians of public morals. The law is only meant to protect the citizen and not to make him virtuous—certainly not to preserve some police standard of public order and decency. The shorter catechism, according to Scotland Yard, is becoming a wonderful and a terrible thing. If the present tendency continues, the phrase "Police Protection" will become meaningless, and the cry of the future will be—as it was in Prussia—"Protect us from the police." In the recovery of our ancient traditions it is essential that we regain the old love of



British justice and the old jealousy of executive power. We must re-establish the conception that the executive and its officers are there to control breaches of order, and not as constructive moralists.

THE MAN WITH A LAMP

#### THE FACTS ABOUT DISARMAMENT

TO judge the American plan for the limitation of naval armaments not gush but sober reason is required. In the United States the Hearst newspapers are already in full cry against the scheme; the American Naval Staff are coldly critical of it; and there is doubt as to whether a treaty embodying it will be accepted by the Senate. It may share the fate of the League of Nations Covenant which was tossed contemptuously into the waste-paper basket after Mr. Wilson had persuaded a too credulous Europe that it was the dream and desire of the United States.

The American people are vaguely idealistic in temperament, but their idealism is always controlled by an acute appreciation of American interests. The new scheme directly affects England, the United States and Japan. Of the three the United States in sacrificing some part of its fleet sacrifices nothing except the money spent on it. It is a continental State, self-contained and self-dependent; the loss of the Philippines, Honolulu, Guam and Porto Rico would matter little to it. Totally different is the situation of England and Japan. For all practical purposes the British Empire is a collection of islands; without a strong navy to control its sea communications and defend its shipping it cannot exist, and half the people of the United Kingdom must perish. Sea power is the condition of their very life. Japan is another island State to which a strong navy is only one degree less vital than it is to England.

No doubt England stands to make some immediate gain by the American scheme. She did her "scrapping" after the Armistice, hastily assuming that other naval Powers would follow her example. She sacrificed to the scrapheap three battle-cruisers on the stocks, 40 older battleships and battle-cruisers, 87 cruisers and 406 destroyers and submarines. The United States had introduced an enormous naval programme in 1916, and did not follow the British lead, but proceeded to carry out that programme with all possible energy. Japan, rendered anxious by this programme, also built on a large scale. The position to-day is that England has but five post-war capital ships—the only units of large size that count—in the *Hood* and the four battle-cruisers just ordered. The United States and Japan have each one complete and 15 building or projected. We are now invited to "scrap" our four new battle-cruisers, while the United States and Japan are each to "scrap" 15 large ships. Thus on paper we should certainly profit.

But other things than immediate gain have to be considered in judging proposals which may affect the very existence of a nation. It has yet to be seen whether Japan will accept in detail a scheme which leaves her with 658,000 tons of warships against the American 1,228,000 tons, though she has accepted it in principle. If she does not, *cadit questio*. Supposing she does, peculiar conditions will be created. England will be left for ten years with 580,000 tons of large ships against the American 500,000 tons and Japanese 300,000, under the "naval holiday" provision. At the end of ten years, two British and six American ships will be obsolete. The American six may be replaced, but the British two may not, until the British total tonnage has fallen below 500,000. The control of the sea, which depends largely on powerful modern ships, would thus pass to the United States.

No one has yet explained what is to happen to the shipbuilding yards, dockyards and gun and armour plants. They cannot be suddenly started into activity after lying idle for ten years. Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham and Rosyth would be ruined. One reason why the orders were given for the four new British battle-cruisers was that the great contractors were not prepared to keep their costly plants for making guns and armour any longer without prospect of remuneration. Yet by no turn of magic can the material of a Navy be improvised. There is no mention in the American scheme of subsidies to armament works and dockyards, but without them such works would speedily cease to exist, and with them limitation of armaments would be reduced to a farce. Again, fortified naval bases have to be considered, if Mahan was right in regarding them as one of the most important factors in war at sea. The United States is building one such in the Sandwich Islands and planning another at Guam. Are they too to be "scrapped"?

Until the practical regulations by which the scheme is to be enforced are available, it cannot be properly judged. So far there has been no mention of the Dominion navies, and no allusion on the American side to the special demands which the protection of British shipping and the world-wide interests of the British Empire make upon the British Navy. There is no suggestion of practical measures to prevent the conversion of fast liners into cruisers and commerce-destroyers. Air forces which are of growing importance are completely neglected, except for a reference to aeroplane-carriers, so arranged as to leave Britain at a great disadvantage.

And, seriously, is this a time to play tricks with our Navy, and by abandoning the four new battle-cruisers to throw thousands out of work and also to prevent the proper training of our personnel? The American scheme presupposes the will to peace, which is nowhere manifest to-day. The greater part of the United States Press is now in full cry against Japan. Any month the Bolsheviks may follow the lead of Sinn Féin and decide that the best way of forcing Mr. Lloyd George to another tame surrender is to attack British shipping with submarines. They will not be pledged and, if they were, their promise would not be worth the paper on which it was written. There has been no peace in Europe and Asia since July, 1914. Bolshevik Russia has adopted perpetual war on civilisation as its creed. Asiatic Turkey is under arms; the "Little Entente" is only just demobilising; China is in anarchy; and rebellion is smouldering in Egypt and ablaze in Ireland and India. Since the League of Nations has thus tragically failed to end strife—as most of us knew it would fail—to diminish the one force, the British Navy, which has steadfastly policed the seas, or to limit it by some arbitrary and fantastic foreign rule, would seem sheer insanity. To the nobility of the aspiration which inspired the American scheme we can give the most generous recognition. But it is with facts, and not with aspirations, that we have to deal.

#### DAVID AND JONATHAN

ULSTER has put her head in a noose; but her neck is so stiff that anyone who tries to pull the dangling end will break, not Ulster's neck, but the rope. In political movements there is no right and wrong. There are only facts. If there were right and wrong, if there were wisdom and unwisdom, we should say that Ulster had been both wrong and unwise in refusing to enter the Conference. By so refusing she has undoubtedly alienated a large body of her sympathisers. It is just possible, however, that Ulster is not

playing for sympathy. We shall therefore not waste time in judging the attitude of Sir James Craig and his colleagues by that dishonest standard known as diplomacy. Perhaps Sir James Craig is not a diplomat. What we are concerned to say now is what we have been saying throughout this business—that we are not surprised. There is no Irish crisis and never has been. From many points of view it is regrettable that peace has not already been made. But peace can only be made by the yielding up of Ulster's claims or the abandonment of Sinn Féin's aspirations. There can be no doubt that the whole world would imagine itself happier and would certainly have less to talk about if Mr. de Valera and Sir James Craig slobbered over one another in Downing Street under the paternal ægis of Mr. Lloyd George. As there seems to be no more prospect at the present moment than there has ever been of such a sentimental contingency arising we propose to deal with the fundamental facts of the situation.

The fundamental facts are that the fuse laid by the Die-hards beneath the Conservative structure is about to go off with a bang. The report will be loud. It will be heard in Belfast. It will be heard in Dublin. It may even shake Downing Street. We have said this so often that people are beginning to believe that it is true. The Liverpool conference is a little more important than Parliament, but not much more. It is a little less important than the electorate, but not much less. In other words, it is not very important. As we go to press the Die-hards will be moving, in the annual conference of the Unionist party, a motion similar to that which they moved in the House of Commons. The result will be similar, but the noise louder. The House of Commons is a Conservative House of Commons, but the quarrels of the Conservative party lose something of their sting by the continued intervention of the few Liberal and Labour members who take part in the debates and create the impression that the actual motions on the paper are being discussed seriously. Now the decks are cleared. The Unionists will be able to look at one another to their hearts' content. But Mr. Lloyd George can still fold his arms. He has not yet published his proposals on Ulster's reply, and the protagonists at Liverpool will fight all the more recklessly because they fight in the dark. They are not quite sure what they are hitting at, but provided they hit Mr. Austen Chamberlain they don't much mind. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is of course a mere cypher in this business. What is happening at Liverpool is really a fight between David and Jonathan, between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law. The crux of the situation is that Mr. Lloyd George wishes either to remain Prime Minister or to nominate his successor; and Mr. Bonar Law would like to be Prime Minister. Mr. Bonar Law probably thinks he has a good chance if he can convince the Conservative party that Mr. Lloyd George wishes to coerce Ulster. And no doubt Mr. Lloyd George would like to coerce Ulster if he could convince the Conservative party that he was doing nothing of the kind. He believes that he can satisfy the Conservative party and the country that Ulster is in the wrong. If he is successful in his statement of the case he assumes that there will be no need to coerce Ulster—that Ulster will throw up a hopeless case. If Ulster does not throw up the case, then Mr. Lloyd George may easily go to the country with a request for a mandate to impose a settlement on Ulster. But it is not yet a question of going to the country. It is a question of getting out of Liverpool. Getting out of Liverpool means keeping Mr. Bonar Law out of Liverpool. If Mr. Bonar Law went to Liverpool, Mr. Lloyd George's position would be difficult, but it would not be dangerous. It looks as if he had successfully kept Mr. Bonar Law out of Liverpool. For Mr. Bonar Law cannot go to Liverpool unless he has something to say. There is no sign that Mr. Lloyd George will give him anything to say.

There is another fact which assures the Coalition a majority at Liverpool, a majority for Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. The bulk of the Conservative members are not conservative at all. They were elected on Mr. Lloyd George's ticket and are prepared to support any leader of the Conservative party who happens to be in the saddle. They prefer Mr. Bonar Law personally to Mr. Chamberlain, but they prefer Mr. Austen Chamberlain in his present position to Mr. Bonar Law in his. They know full well—if they care at all—that Mr. Bonar Law has as little principle, or as much principle, on the question of Ulster as Mr. Chamberlain. He has given about as many pledges on both sides as Mr. Lloyd George himself. They can both point in triumph to precedents. In their joint election address they both undertook not to impose a settlement on the six counties of Ulster. In their letter to the Irish Convention they laid it down as a fundamental proposition that no settlement which did not create a united Irish Parliament and a united Ireland would be of any use. The rivalry between Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George would therefore be quite ridiculous were it not that both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law were politicians. It is hard to have faith in either of them.

Lord Birkenhead is the only man intimately concerned with these negotiations whom we would be inclined to support. He has long since realised that there is no chance for any future Premier who does not sweep—or endeavour to sweep—the Irish difficulty out of the way. He holds himself in readiness in London to intervene in the Liverpool conference should the necessity arise. The necessity of course will not arise, but Lord Birkenhead who all his life has been associated with Liverpool is perhaps the only man at this present moment who could smash or save Mr. Lloyd George and the present Government.

It is not only personalities but events which work for Mr. Lloyd George. The result of the Hornsey election, the true significance of which has not been generally appreciated, gives a clue to the insecurity of the Conservative party. There can be no doubt that an election fought on the Irish issue—and we have repeatedly said it—would result in an overwhelming majority for Mr. Lloyd George's proposals. The electorate desires peace—and imagines that Mr. Lloyd George can achieve peace. The women are sentimental enough to imagine that Mr. Lloyd George will achieve something more than a formula. The business community realise the larger—or smaller, according to view—advantages of removing discord everywhere. Then there is Mr. Lloyd George's trump card which few people know of, but which he is about to throw down in Ulster's face—the Tariff Wall. This is his argument—and he has confessed it to but a few: If he gives Sinn Féin Dominion Status and puts Ulster in the same position—a solution that Ulster is at present prepared to accept, but Sinn Féin is not,—Sinn Féin can tax Ulster's trade with the rest of Ireland out of existence.

No; Mr. Lloyd George does not believe in coercing Ulster.

#### FIRMIN GEMIER

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

JEAN FIRMIN GEMIER gave representations at his own theatre, Théâtre Antoine, of 'La Bataille,' written by Pierre Frondaie. The scene takes place in Japan; the drama is tragic, passionate, full of omens and of surprises; a sensational melodrama; besides this, the quality that charms one is the exotic atmosphere and the illusions evoked by this atmosphere and by these almost inhuman beings—a curious mixture of refinement and of decadence. The play was contrived almost after the fashion of living marionettes. Gesture on the stage is the equivalent of rhythm in verse, and it can convey, as a perfect rhythm should, not a little



of the inner meaning of words, a meaning perhaps more latent in things.

Gémier did not altogether satisfy me in the part he played. Always, on the stage—and much the same as when, conversing with him in one of the intervals, he spoke to me of his intention of acting Othello—he has his particular, rather uneasy way of speaking, with pauses—and of letting one word slide into another. In his grimace, in his severity, in his dignity and pride, he gave me an idea of what was abnormal, almost monstrous, in the character he acted. So, as I knew he had to act the part of Shylock at the Odéon, I waited eagerly for that night: my anticipations were more than satisfied.

Gémier's sinister genius is revealed in his wonderful representation of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice'; it is subtle, strange, original, full of *nuances*, of reticences, of evasions, duplicities, rages, revolts, sub-missions. In this one scene he gives almost the gamut of the Jew, the Jew of the Ghetto; not the primitive, nor the animal Jew, not, perhaps Shakespeare's; but certainly the Jew. Ghettos always had something curiously fascinating when I came on them in Rome, in Venice, in Prague, in Warsaw. The synagogue in Prague, built in the twelfth century, outside like a monstrous dwelling, inside like a dungeon, made in the image of a wizard's cell, with its heavy walls and low roof, black with age, pierced with narrow windows, its railed-off space in the centre, its narrow seats, its huge candelabra, its suspended cloth or robe, hung with bells like the robe of the High Priest, its bizarre ornaments of copper, as of some idolatry to which graven images had never lent grace, concentrates in itself all the horror of the Ghetto. The Ghetto swarms about it in a medley of narrow streets and broad empty spaces, a pestilential circle of evil smells and half naked children, and slatternly Jews and Jewesses, in the midst of shops of old clothes, and old houses with coats of arms over their doors and broken ornaments on their walls. Out of the midst of this confusion a narrow street leads to the old burial ground, hidden behind its enclosing walls, where I saw some famous tombs, such as that of Rabbi Loewe, the friend of Tycho Brahe, still heaped with little stones on every ledge, after the Jewish fashion of commemorating the dead. Browning's 'Holy-Cross Day' expresses the feeling of the Jews who are forced to attend an annual Christian sermon in Rome; nothing more audaciously sardonic was ever written than the first part of this poem, with its:

Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!  
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week!

and:

Aaron's asleep—shove hip to haunch,  
Or somebody deal him a dig in the paunch!  
Look at the purse with the tassel and knob,  
And the gown with the angel and thingumbob!

It reminds me of Heine—Heine when he is inevitably cynical.

What struck me was the amazing way in which Gémier grouped his crowd of Jews in the centre of the stage; then the cringing fashion in which they suddenly rose to their feet and formed into thick throngs, like a Roman phalanx against his enemies; they went forward, retreated, with gestures and gesticulations; they shouted and cursed. The Jewish girl seated at an open shop reminded me of those in the Merceria in Venice and of those of Valencia in Spain. It is a maze of tall and narrow streets, for the most part with a church at one of their corners. There are whole streets of shops; and every shop with its oval signboard, painted with the image of a saint; every shop open to the street, and hung with sashes and lengths of cloth and velvet, and shawls, and blankets, and every kind of long, bright stuff. In the Merceria the moving crowds of colour are seen on both sides of the stalls, the central stalls between the shops hung with long coloured stripes. All around are tall grey houses, with shutters of green; one house, in a corner, has shutters of an intense olive, which seems to soak up and cast back all

the sunlight. The faces I saw there were terribly dirty; but in Venice, where everything has its way of becoming beautiful, dirt, at the right distance, gives a fine tone to an old face, like those faces we see in the sketches of Michelangelo, tanned to a sombre red, wrinkled like a withered apple.

Meredith, in 'The Tragic Comedians,' where he represents Ferdinall Lassalle under the name of Alvan, makes Clothilde (her name was Helena) draw on her recollections of the Satanic so as to identify Alvan under the frightful title of a Jew. "The Jew was to her as flesh of swine to the Jew. Her parents had the same abhorrence of Jewry. Now a manner that clothes itself in the Satanic to terrify cowards is the vilest form of impudence venturing at insolence; and an insolent impudence with Jew features, the Jew nose and lips, is past endurance repulsive."

This digression, which has its legitimate place in my discussion, brings me back to Gémier. He was literally the personification of the Jew—certainly not of "the Jew elect." Original, crafty, cringing, nervously agitated, his voice had every modulation; he used the traditional gesture of the tribe as—in abject fear—they clutch the left sleeve with the right hand. It was most effective; certainly from the theatrical point of view. He sins, he fears, he exults, he despairs, he rages, he hesitates, he recoils; he has crisis after crisis; after which, always the man becomes the man. Race cries in him in his thirst for vengeance, in his lust of blood; in a word, in his blood-lust. He is the father, who is defrauded of his daughter; the miser with a passion for gold; a miser who would relinquish I know not how much of his made and stolen gold if he could rescue Jessica. Maledictions pour out of his mouth like the foam of the sea; his craft is shown at times in the gestures of his fingers. An Epitome of all the vices, he shows, besides his mockery, his mock humility; before, suddenly, surges from some inner recess his infallible knife. Above all, he is of the Gutter; he is one of the Ghetto; in him is the voice of Israel; he is the Sublime Victim.

#### THE NONSENSE ABOUT CEZANNE

By D. S. MACCOLL

I MUST beg for patience if I leave over the regular established societies and the mixed exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery while I linger with the young and pursue my inspection of the Emperor's clothes. Observe, I do not assert that he has none; I only insist upon looking, since no one else will do so, and I maintain that the Court circulars have been quite fantastic and incredible on the subject. Further, I think the strange condition of his wardrobe has its explanations, which I propose to develop some other day: but my first business is to determine what he actually is wearing and to set out the inventory against the gorgeous reports of our friends. I am concerned to-day not with the inordinate bustles, the corrugated overalls, the stove-pipe and rubber-tyre disguises which are no longer so fashionable, but with a suit of cast-off clothes, a good deal the worse for wear; and I want to know why it is recommended as the latest thing out, and why there is so great a gap between what is said and what is to be seen.

In my perplexity I turn to a letter addressed by my old friend Mr. Alfred Thornton to the SATURDAY REVIEW of 5 November on the subject of the London Group. The claim for them, as he puts it, is more modest, and, on a first reading, more plausible. Mr. Thornton admits that the "innovators" are not great in colour, nor in silhouette and contour, that is to say in drawing: but he says what they are occupied with is getting "recession" by "comparing volume with volume," and he quotes a French critic about modelling in coloured planes instead of drawing linear contours. But if that is so, where lies the innovation? Construction by analysis into coloured planes was notoriously the procedure of the "Impressionist" studios, unless

indeed tone is to be left out altogether, which, along with perspective, is the means of obtaining recession; nor are the "volumes" anything but the "masses" of that same teaching. We are therefore back at the very thing we were supposed to be escaping from. The impressionist, moreover, if he did minimise tone, studied the changes of hue that accompany tone as the angle of lighting and as depth of atmosphere varies: if the young cannot command those subtleties of colour what becomes of recession, since perspective also is out of fashion?

I have no quarrel, then, with the scientific analysis of our vision into a mosaic of coloured (and toned) planes, fused at their contours, though I reserve for the artist the right to circumscribe them with a contour if he likes (and as Cézanne, the idol of the "innovators," very freely did). My trouble is that when I turn to the works of the innovators, I cannot trace those wonderful volumes, those coloured planes or their novel relations. I put this difficulty privately to Mr. Thornton, and he indicated that if I drew a blank at the London Group I should be rewarded in the pictures of Mr. A. J. Porter. Well, there is an exhibition of Mr. Porter's pictures now open at the Independent Gallery, which has recently been the chief centre of fashion, and I went there in a properly receptive spirit. I did not find what I was in search of, but instead the reflection of features in Cézanne's painting that so many of the supposed innovators have already given us. By that I mean houses and trees that halt uncomfortably between the bald neatness of the Noah's Ark and the complexity of the real thing. The houses have neither such charm as the clean-ruled box and lid possess, nor the inflections of form that give beauty and interest to the geometry of four walls and a roof, nor the lovely transitions of colour that time lends to the raw material of red tile and white wall, nor the magic these can win from shadow and air. Nor are the trees definitely constructed of curly shavings, nor on any other intelligible convention. Both houses and trees are a reminiscence of Cézanne's exasperated short-cuts, without the virtue for which we accept his expedients.

I must pass by the tempting topics of the Unconscious, Einstein and of the influence of politics, which Mr. Thornton strews in my path. There were relations between the parts of a picture before Einstein was heard of, and painting, by the limitations of its nature, is of things seen, so one must ignore "unconscious wishes" and deal with what we see. And of what we see the residuum that needs be considered is Cézanne. So it is high time we tackled him.

I have attempted it more than once before; but discussion with Mr. Fry and Mr. Bell is like talking to the nebular hypothesis. In my isolation therefore I look round for some ally who has the ear of the painters and critics of the *avant garde*, and I find him in Mr. Walter Sickert, included, as he is, in the bundle of their incompatible admirations. Mr. Sickert is not only one of the best painters of his generation, but a sound, as well as brilliant critic, when he is not writing about contemporaries with his tongue in his cheek. I wish I could reprint here the whole of his notice of M. Coquiott's book on Cézanne from the too-cloistered pages of the *Anglo-French Review* for April, 1920: my readers should buy the number, or look it up. After explaining that Cézanne was not a "Post-Impressionist," but an Impressionist, by which he means involved in the habit of painting by rapid notation "direct from nature," Mr. Sickert reaches the pith of the matter in the following paragraphs:

Cézanne was by nature deplorably, lamentably, tragically, almost incredibly wanting in the two main gifts of a painter: the sense of direction (in the 180° of two right angles), which is the whole and sole basis of drawing, and swiftness, without which nature will leave you hopelessly behind. But he had a sense of colour and a passion, an absorbing, incurable passion for the delicious substance which is a mixture of coloured powders and linseed oil, and for spreading the same in season and out of season on taut and rectangular drums of flax. Any

real natural process produces a beauty of its own. The order in which the apples are spilled from a tree has its beauty, and the passion and method of his very incapacity produced a style which was his, the like of which we shall not, it is to be hoped, be asked to look upon again. His service was to reduce to the absurd the habit of painting "pictures from nature."

For some fifteen years again and again has the corpse of Cézanne been carried round the capitals of the world as a *convoy d'opposition*. From the Rue Laffitte, from the Prater, from the Fifth Avenue, from the Dultplatz and from Unter den Linden has issued the same stage army of pall-bearers, the Napoleons of the sale-room. And now, even from the West End of London and, I am told, from Whistler's Chelsea, may be seen to emerge a panic-stricken figure or two adjusting its hatband and splitting its funeral gloves in its haste to capture the tail of a *cordon*. The sincere fanaticism of the convinced *critique d'avant-garde* of an earlier day has been succeeded by a frantic and blind toeing of the line. The offices of the critical naturalisation bureaux are besieged by queues of pressmen every one of them tremulous to change his name.

The truth then is that Cézanne was involved in painting by methods which are properly those of sketching, and very imperfectly qualified for that desperate business, because before the subject—living model, landscape, flowers—anything that under conditions of movement, decay, or changing lights required decisive placing, striking of proportions, circumscription of forms, he was nervously impotent. He had to renounce the model altogether, got into a helpless fury over portraiture, abandoned his landscapes in disgust, and had to retreat from flowers, which fade, upon apples and napkins, which are relatively stable but monotonous. His reaction against his brother impressionists arose from a positive quality he possessed and held by, a taste for broad fat patches of colour, as opposed to the broken mosaic of touches adopted by Monet and carried *ad absurdum* by Pissarro with his stipple technique. But over the shaping of those patches he had little control. In a certain number of his pieces his genuine taste for colour and the quality of paint won the battle against his disabilities, and one accepts the arbitrary nature of the demarcations for the sake of the delicious, firmly-struck notes that survive.

Now the Cézannists of *avant-garde* criticism and the imitators reverse this order: they elevate the impotence and the disabilities into virtues, and found an esoteric system upon accidents that the master himself would have gnashed his teeth about. Because his flower-pots tottered and were bashed all flower pots must do the like, and in doing so illustrate the mysteries of "designing in depth." Because Cézanne dismissed trees, which are a never-ending problem of rendering, with an angry shorthand gesture, they multiply the defeat *ad nauseam*. Like the followers of Rembrandt they set up shop upon the failures, and leave out what ensures the survivals, that blond singing colour in succulent pastes. And they attempt to codify the grunts and growls and expletives of Cézanne's conversation into the revelation of a code. Cézanne had as much difficulty with words as with drawing; his conversation, if one may trust M. Vollard, did not go much beyond "the word of five letters" or of Cambronne, but he muttered something about painting being solid like that in the museums, and over such oracles webs of comment have been spun. Cézanne will have his niche in the museums for the skirmishes in which his gift fought through, and at Millbank, let us hope, among the rest; even the Louvre, at present, has a very mixed lot, and it is useless to show the failures. But the prices are formidable. Thieme and Becker, those close students of history remark dryly, under Cézanne,

Nach 1890 kaufte der junge Pariser Kunsthändler Vollard von Cézanne's Sohn 200 Bilder des Meisters für 80,000 Fr. [i.e., about £16 each], für die er damals nur wenige Liebhaber fand.

We are still under the dispensation, commercial and critical, that filled the places vacated on the market by Manet and Monet, with Cézanne and Renoir. And the like nonsense was talked about Monet and still is by those who do not use their eyes.



## THREE MUSIC HALLS

By JAMES AGATE

"A DIRTY mind," declared the Dook Snook in 'Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday,' "is a perpetual feast." This is a motto which, had I my way, would be emblazoned over the portals of every music-hall in the kingdom. Only I should probably inscribe the word "healthy," and rely upon your Pantagruelist, who alone should be free of these temples, to catch at the Rabelaisian sense. The music-hall is emphatically no place for the nice-minded, the makers of finical distinctions. It is essentially a place for the broad-minded, for those whose tastes are catholic. The great virtue of Rabelais, we are always told, is that he writes openly of those things which are commonly discussed in the privacy of speech. The great virtue of the music-hall is that it jokes openly of those things which are commonly discussed in bar-parlours. Whenever this openness is in any degree veiled, we descend at once to that "durtie hypocrisie," which is the supreme offence.

These very obvious reflections are suggested by recent performances, at the Holborn Empire, of a music-hall artist to whom I am devoted, Miss May Henderson, and, at the Victoria Palace, of another artist to whom I am not devoted at all. But first let me dispose of a third music-hall, which I visited recently, to wit the Palladium. Here Mr. Ainley appeared in a dramatic sketch entitled 'Talma,' a phenomenon which drew from one critic the majestic aspiration that this fine actor might woo the Palladium audience from its admiration of tumblers and comedians. This attitude seems to me entirely mistaken. To laugh at the humour of the red nose is proper to the after-dinner man. Tumblers, with their swift wheeling and diving, take even the replete mind with beauty. Or, if you insist that your pleasure shall be ratiocinatory, those practical philosophers, the Pasquali Brothers, will set you reflecting that, as between equilibrists, Newton and not another holds the gravitational field. The Pasqualis achieved exactly that which they proposed. They did not leave you to think, as Talma and his interlocutors did, how much better it would have been if you could have heard what they said. Their performance was not lumbering like the prose of Mr. Henry Hertz, nor wavering like his playlet's sentiment, nor short of the mark like Talma's acting with nobody to play up to, nor wide of it like the magnoperations of this tragic fish out of water. Mr. Ainley's Talma is a good imitative shot at the grand tradition. But when I am in a music-hall I resent the usurpation, by an actor however great, of space which were more appropriately filled by Mr. Harry Weldon. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drunk, says Rabelais. Neither, I am sure, would have visited the Palladium until he had both eaten and drunk. Whereas I would take my stand, fasting, in a queue a mile long before any proper theatre which should announce:

Shakespeare's Tragedy  
of

KING RICHARD III.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester ... Mr. Ainley.

See to it, Hal. My king! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! So do I interpret the applause of the Palladium audience. They appreciated Mr. Ainley's quality, though they had difficulty in deciding what, exactly, it was concerned with; they apprehended that here was the stamp of great acting, but hoped the actor would not unduly delay the funny fellows. Mr. Ainley's interposition among clowns was as disturbing to that audience as, to this writer, the intrusion of hunch-back'd Gloucester in an essay which began with Ally Sloper. I can only plead that the readjustment here necessitated, wherein I crave the reader's help, is not more violent than that which I had to perform, unaided, after the death-throes of Talma.

Vulgarity, says Mr. Max Beerbohm, is an implicit element of the true music-hall. I would add that healthy, Rabelaisian laughter is another implicit element. Miss May Henderson, the "Dusky Comedy Queen," makes no appeal to the dissembling mind. She provokes no furtive snigger. Her wit is not "near the knuckle"; it is the knuckle itself. The only possible excuse for her rib-ticklers is their outspokenness. Like Rabelais her joking may be occasionally concerned with foul things, but it is never indecent. She "drags away the veil with a strong hand, does not leave impropriety half-covered and so prompt the reader (spectator) to a filthy curiosity." In addition to its humour, the performance of this artist is of the highest technical excellence. Her songs go with the rattle of machine-guns. There was one ecstatic moment when every person in the theatre proclaimed himself, with a huge shout, to be of the untrammelled company of Pantagruel. The only exceptions were those whose youth, as Stevenson quaintly says, had been depressed by exceptional æsthetic surroundings. Of such I glimpsed but two.

The quality of that other artist, at the Victoria Palace, was quite different. Superficially of a higher order of "gentility," this performance offended against Pantagruelism in that it provoked the imagination without intent to satisfy. The artist, who is enormously stout, made exhibition of a great deal of bare flesh. As a minor compensation she had the wit to provoke—or inclined you to think she would not have resented—comparison with Beardsley's drawing of, say the women in 'The Wagnerites.' Now there is no harm in bare flesh, but there is harm in jokes about nakedness—the harm of commonness. In its essence this was a performance for kitchen-maids. One does not resent kitchen-maids; they are useful people and are entitled to entertainment. What one did resent was the *décor*, the expensiveness of such clothes as there were, the grand piano, the "drawing-room atmosphere." *Facetiae* fittingly babbled over a slop-stone, or among bellying clothes-lines, were out of place here. At the Holborn I had been less displeased by a child of, apparently, some seven summers, in baby-bonnet and baby-socks, delivering herself of such sophistications as:

There's a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And it's my town,  
It's not a dry town;  
I shall take my pals and my pa and ma  
To have a drop of whiskey in the old back bar,  
When I get back to my town, to my town.

This was nauseating, but at least the mind was untouched. Whereas what one felt about the grown-up performance was that it directly encouraged the grocer's assistant and the clerk, if not to a more vicious way of living, at least to a commoner way of thinking.

In justice to the young gentleman in dress clothes who cracked the jokes about nudity, let me record that when he was left to his own devices he sang, and sang very well, the good ballad, "Johnny Ludlow," and that the resultant applause was ten times greater than that evoked by his quips to Messaline. The programme included Mr. G. S. Melvin, "The Versatile Comedian." Mr. Melvin did not strike me as being a comedian at all, but rather as an actor of exceedingly clever invention. It is no small feat to impersonate a figure of Bakst, a ship's stoker and a bluestocking at a University Extension lecture, all to the life and within half-an-hour. The bluestocking was really a man attired for bathing, and stucco'd, as to the legs, like some pre-historic monster of Mr. E. T. Reed, but there was on his startled countenance the ingratiating expression of the earnest female peering through *pince-nez* at improving truth. The stoker was remarkably true to life. Mr. Melvin is almost as graceful a dancer as Eugene Stratton, and it is a pity that he winds up some admirable acting with a poverty-stricken sentimental song. There were also Mr. Fred

Karno's comedians in 'Mumming Birds,' at once a burlesque and the very stuff of the music-hall. Herein was given an "impression" of Sir Frank Benson as Mark Anthony. "Sir Frank" forgot his words and substituted, not the Shakespearean froth blown about the surface of this actor's temperament, but a well-known line from a chorus of Miss Florrie Ford.

#### SCHONBERG AND ANOTHER

By E. A. BAUGHAN

THAT the most modern school of composition should be conservative and even reactionary in theory is one of the natural curiosities of music. The swinging of the pendulum has been a permanent law in the development of the art, and the modern movement, according to its professed admirers, is a reaction from Wagner and the "programists," in the sense that the modern composer desires to write music that shall stand by itself and is not dependent on the expression of any idea or feeling outside the art of music. This line of reaction should logically have led the composer back to Palestrina and Bach. If music should be an art that is self-evolved (a theory that takes no account of its human creation) not only would composers of programme music be outside the pale of art, but even those who founded their music on the dance. Beethoven, with his 'Eroica,' 'Pastoral,' and 'Choral' symphonies, would have to be considered not as the culmination of the classical school but as the leader of the bad, romantic and expressive school of musical thought. Berlioz becomes a veritable traitor to the art of pure music, and Wagner is nothing less than an arch-traitor. But in spite of what the admirers of very modern music have written, it is very doubtful if the composers themselves have had any desire to make their music reactionary. In listening carefully to Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces, Op. 16, and Arthur Bliss's 'Mélée Fantastique,' at the second Goossens concert the other day, I could trace no real endeavour to write music that shall stand by itself as a self-contained art of sonorities. On the contrary, the compositions seemed to me nothing more than a series of detached experiments in a new musical vocabulary as an expression of moods.

As the basis of these experiments it must have been assumed that there is no need for beauty in music, and that coherence of design and what may be called musical logic are foreign to the aim of the true musical artist. The poor groundling who desires these qualities in music must seek elsewhere for them. Schönberg assaults his musical sense; he puts him on the rack of maddening dissonances, and seeks to make him delight in sheer ugliness. At the same time it must be frankly admitted that you cannot listen to Schönberg with indifference. He stimulates you, if it is only to hatred of his calculated and ugly noises. He knows what he is doing, and in that sense these compositions are the work of an artist. Moreover, one must not forget that Schönberg has written things proving that he is a skilful, if dull, composer in the traditional style of music. Even in these extraordinary pieces one can trace a certain sanity of design. In 'Vorgefühle' (Presentiments) the texture is woven to a very free contrapuntal pattern, but it is entirely marred by the dreadful orchestration of muted brass and percussion. In the second piece a viola solo gives some consistency to the whole. In the fourth the *cor anglais* tries to become articulate. The third piece, 'The Changing Chord,' really pleased my ear. The harmonies are changed so softly and the whole scheme of sound is so subtle and illusive that the composition is almost music in the conventional sense. As a matter of fact, it is no less extraordinary than the others in harmony. They exaggerated Schönberg's uncouth experiments in a new vocabulary by downright ugly orchestration. In 'The Changing Chord' no instrument is allowed to pierce through the texture of the music.

Much of the ugliness of Schönberg's Five Orchestral Pieces is due to the scoring. His admirers will reply, no doubt, that his instrumentation is an important factor in his scheme of noise. It is certainly a successful factor. Mr. Arthur Bliss, on the other hand, does not seek merely to assault the musical sense in his 'Mélée Fantastique.' He seems to me, in his own unconventional way, to have a fine sense of orchestral colour. There is strength, too, in his music, and there is a sense of form. But, as with Schönberg, his chief aim seems to be to write ugly music. There is room in music for ugliness, just as there is in the other arts. In music it is an expression of a mood. We are told that it "would be foreign to their composer's creed to allow music to be governed by non-musical considerations." But that is a mere smoke-barrage put out to hide from us the fact that their modern composers are essentially like other composers. To admit this would be to abandon a pose as far as their admirers are concerned. There is always a large audience for the strange in art. The artists themselves (and Arthur Bliss and Schönberg are probably among them) do not admit that there is anything strange in their work. Wagner quite properly denied that his music was not a natural outcome from that which had preceded it, but the red-hot Wagnerian of the past insisted that the master stood alone. Now that Wagner's music is popular there are no Wagnerians. When the musical world accepts Schönberg and his school there will be no apostles of the new movement. And the first step towards putting these modern composers in their right place is to accept their new vocabulary for what it is worth. The smoke-barrage must not deceive us. Whatever their theories may be these composers must be judged solely by their compositions. Half of the mistaken criticism of Wagner arose from the error of compounding his theories with his practice, and he himself was the principal author of those errors. As a beginning to an understanding of Schönberg and his school I resolutely refuse to look on his music as differing at all in essence from other music. And the same with Arthur Bliss. In listening to the Five Orchestral Pieces it was obvious that the composer had some emotional idea to express. None of these five compositions (with the exception pointed out) has any value as pure music. They are essentially the expression of a mood. What one does not admire in them is that the mood hardly seems sane, but is the outcome of exacerbated nerves, a kind of musical hysteria. If a composer really thinks in music of the type of Schönberg's he must be abnormal in his mental and nervous equipment, or, if he does not so think, he must desire to appeal to those who are. Arthur Bliss's music is, by comparison, quite sane, but it is impossible to grasp what was in his mind. This composition seemed to me a mere series of experiments in sonorities. As experiments or sketches they were of interest. One knows from experience of this composer's incidental music to 'The Tempest' that he has a sure touch in suggesting atmosphere. The 'Mélée Fantastique' also demands something outside the music to justify it. It may seem philistine to these composers to judge their work by what it means or conveys, but it is precisely because it makes no definite appeal to the musical sense that I feel they are on the wrong road. Ravel's 'Alborado del Gracioso,' Delius's 'On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring,' and Strauss's 'Thus spake Zarathustra,' which were played at the same concert proved, in differing degrees, that modern composers can seem to express something and yet create music that stands by itself.

#### THE PHEASANT AT TABLE

A FEW weeks ago it was suggested in this REVIEW that the wise epicure would be content with pheasant cooked in the traditional British way until the pleasure had been fully enjoyed and a change had been demanded by the palate. The time



has perhaps now come for some discussion of those alternative methods."

First, however, for the selection of your bird. The simplest and the surest test of age in the pheasant, and also in the partridge, is to be found in the last long feather of the wing. In an old bird the end of this feather is rounded, in a young bird it is pointed. Having chosen a young bird in a fairly high state, a very wide opportunity lies before you. Taking recipes almost at random, we may begin with *Faisan à la Bohémienne*. The procedure here is to season a *foie gras* with the Hungarian pepper, paprika, insert pieces of raw truffle into it, cook it gently in Madeira, let it cool, and put it into the pheasant. The bird is then cooked in butter for about three-quarters of an hour. Before serving, some of the butter is removed, and a small quantity of brandy added. After which the bird comes to table in the vessel in which it was cooked.

More complicated, but very well worth the trouble, is *Faisan à la Georgienne*. For this the host will instruct his cook to put into the cooking utensil about two dozen walnuts, thoroughly peeled. To them will be added the mingled juice of a pound and a half of choice grapes and of three or four oranges, a small quantity of Madeira and a rather larger quantity of strong and freshly made tea. The bird will be cooked in this, and will come before the diners accompanied by the much reduced and strained fluid in which it has been cooked. A return to simplicity may be found in *Faisan à la Normande*, for which the bottom of the cooking vessel, in which the bird remains for service, is spread with minced apples, slightly coloured beforehand in butter; two or three tablespoonfuls of cream are added, the vessel is covered, and cooking is carried on in the oven for just under half an hour.

Of cold preparations of pheasant none is more agreeable than that resulting from the recipe for *Faisan à la Bohémienne* already given. All that is necessary is to add to the dish as there completed a quantity of jelly, and to leave the dish in the cool for a couple of days. Most of the formulæ for cold dishes of chicken lend themselves well enough to pheasant, and the substitution of the bird for the animal is all that is requisite to convert *Terrine de Lièvre* into *Terrine de Faisan*.

A truffled pheasant figures among the very numerous items of the enormous dinner eaten for a wager by the Vicomte de Vieil-Castel, at the Café de Paris, in circumstances set forth by Dumas père in his highly characteristic 'Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine,' but the pheasant is best appreciated when framing the chief part of a dinner in which the other items are few and not very strongly pronounced in flavour. To let the bird, when prepared according to any of the methods given or in the *Mode d'Alcantara*, merely appear as incidental is to do it much less than justice. Even plainly roasted, with the English accompaniment of bread sauce, it deserves more respect, as has been testified by the pious. Did not the Rev. Sydney Smith write to "Ingoldsby" Barham, "If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce"? He might have qualified himself a little had the reference been to more sophisticated methods of putting the pheasant at the service of man, but he would assuredly have protested against menus by which the palate is overtaxed before the diner reaches the pheasant or cloyed after it. A pheasant *à la Georgienne* provides all the richness needed for the whole dinner; it should have before it only a little excellent *consommé* and fish done in some comparatively plain way, and after it only a delicate sweet. Our forefathers were not wise in these matters, as anyone may see by looking at 'The Epicure's Year Book' for 1868, in which may be found a prodigious dinner designed by Francatelli, who evidently expected his patrons to work through every sort of rich food before reaching the truffled pheasant, yet who was in his day esteemed as a reformer working for simplicity.

W.

## Correspondence

### THE DECENTRALIZATION OF HARLEY STREET

(FROM A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT)

FOR some years now, and more notably since the arrival in common use of the telephone and the motor car, many of the younger members of the medical profession have been casting doubtful eyes on Harley Street. Possibly, they have argued, there may have been, in earlier days, unchallengeable advantages in the closely-packed assembling of medical and surgical consultants in half a dozen streets to the north of Cavendish Square. The public, in any case, they have had to admit, has seemed to consider it a national necessity; and an address in one of these streets has consequently been almost essential in the building up of a consulting practice. By a very large number, however, of medical men, and perhaps indeed by the majority, this crowding together in the Harley Street area is not only being regarded now as an outworn convention, but as an actual incubus upon the desirable development of medical practice; and if the condition survives—though there are signs of its demise—it is less because these acres are still the medical Mecca than because they represent a fetish not yet discarded by the general public mind. To that mind, although by tube and telephone, by train and omnibus and taxicab, a young consultant would be almost as accessible at Hampstead, Hammersmith, or Highbury, he would still, did he attempt to practise in these places, lack the distinction conferrable by a doorplate in Portland Place. And because he has not as yet deemed himself sufficiently strong to flout what he regards as a meaningless prejudice, he bows before it and accepts a handicap that as likely as not will prove too heavy for him.

How heavy this may be can only be fully realised by considering the steps by which a consulting practice is eventually created. Thus it is rare, in these days, for any young man embracing the medical profession to become qualified, even upon the lowest rung, until after six or seven years of study. He then, as a rule, seeks to hold such temporary resident hospital appointments as those of House Physician, House Surgeon, Casualty Officer and Resident Accoucheur; and the occupation of these will involve yet another year or two of probationary life. Such positions usually imply the provision of board and lodging but are generally unpaid, or accompanied by a merely nominal honorarium; and it is thus not for some seven or eight years that the business of earning a living can be undertaken.

Should he desire, however, to attain to consulting rank, a great deal more preparation is necessary. He must pass, for example, such further examinations as will admit him to the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons or the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians, and he must then obtain, if he can, some such senior appointment as that of Medical or Surgical Registrar in one of the larger teaching Hospitals. In such a capacity he is then able to act, for a further two or three years, as understudy to the permanent Consulting Staff; and it is only after having done so that he is likely, in his own turn, to be appointed to it. It is true that there are such rare exceptions as—to take a living example—Sir James Mackenzie, who forced himself to the front as the result of brilliant research work undertaken while in general practice. But in the vast majority of cases a consulting practice is only built up as the result of becoming a Surgeon or Physician on the staff of a general teaching hospital, since it is from the students that have passed under his tuition that the first nucleus of the consultant's clientele is gathered together. It will thus be seen that in very few cases can a young man obtain even the most junior consulting position until he is well on in the thirties; and it must be remembered that, during this period, he must in some manner contrive, should

he not be possessed of private means, to earn enough money to keep himself.

This he usually does by accepting modestly-paid demonstratorships of Anatomy, Physiology, Medicine and so on, and by receiving fees from such students as he may attract to himself for purposes of special coaching. But in addition to his own sustenance—the question of marriage being almost necessarily dismissed—he is inevitably confronted, as things stand to-day, with the financing of a Harley Street address. And facing this problem, what does he find? To such an extent has the convention thus imposed upon him inflated values in this particular area that the rent demanded for the daily use of a single consulting-room is somewhere in the neighbourhood of £250 a year, and may even be more. Now, assuming the usual consulting fee to be three guineas, this confronts the struggling beginner with the necessity of seeing at least eighty private patients in twelve months before he has even earned enough to pay the rent of his consulting-room. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore—however it may be deplored—that many of the ablest young medical men are forced, by sheer financial necessity, to turn aside from a career obviously marked out for them by their talents; and that those who do survive only succeed in remaining afloat, in a disheartening number of cases, by giving up their research work which the profession has a right to expect from them, and devoting their most receptive and energetic years to becoming prosperous super-tradesmen. And it is in this last respect that the tyranny of Harley Street has perhaps worked its most insidious mischief.

What the exhortations and courageous examples, however, of a few individuals have failed to effect, it would now seem that universal economic pressure is likely at last to achieve. For it is not only upon the younger half of the profession that the Harley Street tradition has pressed so heavily—it has equally affected many of its more established and most distinguished members. Thus many consultants, both surgical and medical, who were called from their practices by the war, returned to find themselves met, in common with most other professional men, with standing expenses that had vastly increased. They also found, as a result of the general impoverishment, a temporarily diminished demand for their services. Few but the most necessary operations were being undertaken; second opinions were being more reluctantly sought; and greater reliance was being placed by the provincial public upon the various able men to be found practising locally. Under such circumstances, they found the added demands of the old convention too heavy to be financially borne; and, during the last two or three years, there has been a quiet disappearance from the medical holy of holies of some of its best-known names. For many of the vanished it may well have seemed one of the minor tragedies of the war, although recognisably so minor as to have been, for the most part, very uncomplainingly borne. But I am inclined to think that, in the end, this necessary migration will be wholly beneficial, and that the dispersal over a wide area of our most skilled and best qualified consultants will be an ultimate blessing to the community, not excluding the emigrants themselves.

## Verse

### THE HIGHLAND SHIP

THE Highland coast is walled with rock that bears  
all summer through the shock  
Of Arctic tides the suns unlock to feed the roaring  
sea, O Ship!

And when at last the flocks run south like hounds unken-  
nelled after drouth,  
With white teeth shining at the mouth they hurry  
after thee, O Ship!

Thou art their quarry, and thy cords shall be as glass  
or brittle swords

Unless thy heart be all thy Lord's whose hand shall set  
thee free, O Ship!

His hold upon thee is thy fate to foil the pack and win  
the gate,

Unless thou answer him too late, and sink into the sea,  
O Ship!

Then answer steed-like to his rein who rides thee for  
thy surer gain,

And all the hounds shall snarl in vain that follow after  
thee, O Ship!

The loud, wroth pack shall be out-run, and thou shalt  
laugh beneath the sun,

In triumph on thy foes undone by him that set thee  
free, O Ship!

WILFRID THORLEY

## Letters to the Editor

### IRELAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I do not know what equipment Mr. Poynter of Highbury has for dealing with the Irish question, but the humanities seem wholly omitted from his academic arguments and calculations, in which George Washington and Michael Collins—Heaven save the mark!—fall into conjunction as representing, let us say *x*. His doctrine appears to be that any sufficiently vocal group of people, after a counting of noses, whether counted with a shot gun or not, should have a right to a separate government regardless of circumstances or of interlocking interests ten or twenty times as great. Why, then, should a hard-headed, capable, practical race like the Ulstermen be denied this privilege and forced into a union with a people wholly antipathetic to them, who have given less than no proof of any administrative qualities? Whether Dublin and Cork are shining examples to the contrary I do not know, though common report is emphatically against the conclusion. But I do know that Boston, New York and Philadelphia, to say nothing of some other American cities in the hands of the Irish, have for the last half-century afforded the Southern Irish a splendid and untrammelled opportunity for displaying their administrative genius. The result, as every American knows to his cost, is an almost unbroken record of mismanagement, unblushing speculation and jobbery. I mention this without comment and simply as a salient fact, only known vaguely to a small minority of Englishmen under the rather cryptic name of "Tammany." Why the Sinn Fein gunmen and their friends should be expected to rise superior to their kindred and supporters, the New York and Boston aldermen, as potential administrators, I cannot imagine.

But this by the way. For I chiefly desired to remind Mr. Poynter, or such as agree with him, that George Washington's native State and her neighbours, prior to 1861, expressed a passionate desire for separation from the Union, based on a technical right to secession, not on a failure to defend themselves from conquest in the Middle Ages. The Southern States differed from their Northern neighbours in those days, in ideas, traditions, temperament and outlook on life, as widely as people speaking the same language could well do. They represented about nine million white people as against twenty million of the others. The latter, though scarcely questioning the legal right to secede, regarded such action as detrimental to the future of their country and proceeded to coerce the South into submission at the point of the sword. And they were quite right, as events have proved to the hilt. Many Southerners, even of that generation, lived to own their mistake. While to-day I do not suppose one sane individual could be found in the South who regretted the defeat of disunion,



yet according to the new self-determination school the United States committed an unpardonable crime in saving a hotheaded section from itself. The Irish secessionists number 2½ millions out of forty-five million people, an insignificant figure compared with those which confronted the United States. They occupy, however, a disproportionately large territorial slice of the United Kingdom of vital import to the Empire strategically, while their claim to secession has no vestige of legality unless Europe is to be recast on mediæval lines.

Yours etc.,

"SUSSEX"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If I were one of the million or more persons in this country of Irish Catholic origin I should be in favour of the Irish question being settled on the Dominion Home Rule basis, as while Sinn Fein Ireland would then become practically independent, the Irish population of this country would continue to enjoy all the rights and privileges of British citizens. But as an Englishman I strongly object to this one-sided arrangement, and would prefer the settlement of the question by the establishment of an independent Irish republic, as the Catholic or Sinn Fein Irish in this country would then become aliens in law, as they already are in race, religion, and loyalty. As such they would be liable to deportation in the event of their being convicted of crime, or found to be paupers, or insane. This would relieve the taxpayers of this country of the expense of supporting those who now compose such a large proportion of the inmates of our prisons, workhouses, and lunatic asylums. A considerable percentage of our Catholic Irish are unemployables and dole recipients, and these too would be liable to deportation.

But the most important advantage we should derive from the Catholic and Sinn Fein Irish becoming aliens would be the disappearance of the Irish vote, which in every election is invariably given to the anti-British, anti-national, Labour and Socialist candidate.

Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH BANISTER

73, Brondesbury Villas, Kilburn, N.W.

#### STATE EDUCATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—'The Man with a Lamp,' in your issue of the 12th inst., wrote: "I want to see this riotous expenditure abandoned, for it is because the cancer of State activities is upon us that it exists." Almost thou persuadest me, O Man with a Lamp, to be a Conservative. Politicians have parted with fundamental principles. They have broken statutory British laws. What can be expected when prophets in politics and high priests in universities preach heterodoxy as regards principles?

Lord Haldane is reported to have said: "What is the first duty of those who are permeated by the old spirit of Liberalism? Plainly, I think, to make the enlightenment of the democracy through education in the widest sense the foremost in the programme." Liberal Unionists and Conservatives form the Coalition Government. The Labour Party, it is alleged, has a sporting chance to succeed them. Assume that these parties believe in their principles. Will they not, with their supporters in the country, unite to stop the spread of "fad" education that is inimical to their principles, and will end their Parliamentary existence? The present Government and the Labour Party out of power solemnly declare their first consideration and final aim is the prosperity and welfare of the State.

There will be, say, 1900 teachers in the Institute of Teachers in Scotland. Amongst these, 600 will be Unionists and Conservatives. If they keep an "even

keel" in school will they not resolutely oppose outside a policy antagonistic to their principles, and detrimental to the State? Parliament in its wisdom has excluded sectarian religion in schools. Party education in or outside of schools should take the last, if any, place.

The SATURDAY REVIEW, July, 1920, wrote: "At this moment there is an Association of University Teachers formed for the purpose of forcing the Government by direct action, if necessary, to provide for their wants." There were 500 teachers on strike in Croydon in April, 1921, and 300 in Ayrshire in autumn, 1920. Mr. D. M. Cowan, M.P., said in September at the British Association that the State was getting nothing for the additional expenditure of £40,000,000 on education. Mr. Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., and the Headmaster of a secondary school in St. Andrews, say there is no improvement in education. The £40,000,000 annexed by the Education Department during the European War should have been earmarked for those soldiers who were mutilated, and for the relatives of the heroes who were killed in the trenches. These millions should be commandeered for ex-service men and the unemployed.

Yours etc.,

THOMAS OGILVY

#### RELATIVITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have been surprised, during the discussions upon Relativity, that no reference has been directed to the reasoned reflections of Bishop Berkeley. In his 'Principles of Human Knowledge' (1710), he considers Newton's Propositions (in the 'Principia') upon Time, Space, and Motion, and the distinction of Absolute and Relative, and adversely criticises Newton's views, reaching the conclusion that all Motion must necessarily be Relative (section 112); that Absolute motion (section 114) is incomprehensible. May I submit a few enquiries and a reflection?

(1) Referring to the unaccounted 42 seconds of arc per century in the advance of Mercury's orbit, it is admitted by scientists that no other planet (by reason of their orbital shapes) can be employed for confirmatory or repellent application of Einstein's Theory. Since, then, Mercury is the sole planet which is competent of use in this prediction, how can it be definitely (or finally) affirmed that Einstein's result of 43 seconds is not, perhaps, a chance coincidence?

(2) Respecting Einstein's calculated deflection of a ray of light grazing the sun's limb, can a final reliance be placed upon his conclusion—having regard to the comparatively scanty data presented in attestation, and yielded by one experiment alone?

(3) A very able exponent informs us that Space itself in the sun's gravitational sphere is non-Euclidean, i.e., is curved. We know that physical objects—material bodies—are thus affected in such a field, and we obviously enquire the grounds of the assertion that it is space itself (containing these bodies) which suffers this disturbing effect? The sole answer furnished is the virtual impossibility "to draw any distinction between the warping of physical space and the warping of physical objects which define space." Is this language exact or explanatory? Space, in our conceptions, is Room which material bodies can occupy or in which motion can occur. The Body simply indicates filled Space. How can we legitimately speak of warped space when we are confessedly unacquainted with the intimate nature of the Thing thus supposed to be warped? To warp a Thing implies a knowledge so far of that Thing's nature as to admit the predication of its competency to be distorted. It is refreshing to observe Sir O. Lodge's steady defence of the Ether.

Yours etc.,

T. E. YOUNG

108, Evering Road, N.16.

## INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE (ABUSES) BILL

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—This Bill, designed to deal with the grave abuses found to exist in the industrial life insurance world, passed its second reading in the House of Lords in August, and is now held up until next session, the Government in the interim desiring the views of all concerned on its provisions. It carries out in substance the unanimous recommendations of Lord Parmoor's Commission. Amongst the findings of that Committee were: that five millions of poor people's policies were annually lapsed, involving a yearly loss of £500,000 in premiums. In this unhappy year of unemployment it is estimated that these figures are more than doubled, and although the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act contains provisions for the protection from lapsing of certain of the oldest policies, the Committee found that in spite of this partial safeguard many instances were on record of the Act having been flouted. Again, the expenses of management worked out at 44 per cent. of the premium income, or 5½d. in every 1s. the worker paid; whilst enormous dividends and higher officials' large salaries were annually distributed—the shareholders' dividends in some cases being annually 40, 50, and 60 per cent., income tax free. One company alone paid 5,000 per cent. in dividends on its original capital. Legislation to stop this terrible waste of the savings of poor people is sadly needed and long overdue.

Yours etc.,

CHARLES ELTON

Edgbaston, Birmingham.

## THE GERMAN MENACE

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—In his book 'War Making and Policy,' Ludendorff says "the people are not to be deceived by words and phrases," and at the same time he is trying so to deceive the Germans. But is it not the easiest thing in the world to be so deceived? Therefore I do hope we shall not make the same blunder with regard to Ludendorff's book, as we made with regard to Bernhardt's work 'Germany and the Next War.' It is so fatally easy to say "Of course such a thing could never happen"; and then in a moment the blow may fall as it did in August, 1914.

We do need to put ourselves in the other man's place, and yet it is so extremely difficult. But we can argue from what we know of our own nature. The failure to do this has been the greatest blunder of German policy for years. For example, if self-interest led the Germans to invade Belgium, they might have known (if they had used common-sense) that, at the lowest, the same self-interest in us would lead us to fight for Belgium; and yet they were amazed that we should go to war for a mere "scrap of paper."

Let us not make the same blunder. We know that if we had been beaten in the late war, we should not have sat down under it. We should be planning and scheming to reverse the decision. Therefore we know it is natural to man generally, not to believe himself absolutely and finally beaten; and therefore, instead of being amazed at Ludendorff's plans, we should recognise that they are simply natural to man. We should do the same.

The amazing thing both about Bernhardt and Ludendorff is that they put all the cards on the table. Let our public men prepare a reasoned reply to Ludendorff's book, because it is first thoughts, then words, and then deeds; the deed in this case being no less than the dread arbitrament of war. If we could only have thought out a reasoned reply to Bernhardt, the late war might never have been. Instead, most of us dismissed Bernhardt (if we ever heard of him) as an idle dreamer. Let us not be "caught napping" a second time.

Yours etc.,

WALTER FELCE

Ashley Hill, Bristol.

## THE PRICE OF BEER

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—Cannot something be done to allay the legitimate discontent of a very large number of the working classes induced by the outrageous price of the national beverage—beer—which enters into the dietary of so many of our people?

To pay 7d. for an inferior article compared with the pre-war product, purchasable in those days at about one-third of the present cost, is beyond the means of the workers whose wages have been appreciably reduced of late.

The taxation on a pint of beer costing 6d. or 7d. is about 3½d., and it is to be hoped that the Government will, as soon as it possibly can, remit a proper proportion of this exorbitant amount, which, together with a reduction by the brewers, whose materials and labour bills must now be considerably less than of late, will enable the working men and women of this country to obtain their glass or pint of good wholesome beer at a price consistent with their ability to pay, and in this way remove a grievance which I am confident is causing embittered feelings amongst them, that are only too readily exploited by agitators and are one of the causes of much of the unrest so prevalent at the present time.

Yours etc.,

Peterborough.

E. A. DANBURY

## NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL TO ANIMALS

*To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW*

SIR,—My Committee fully realise that in these hard and difficult times it is not possible to appeal to the generous animal-loving public for further financial support in aid of the National War Memorial to Animals. I am, therefore, instructed to ask all those interested in the scheme for providing a lasting memorial to the animals that rendered such splendid service in the Great War, to help us by sending gifts of jewellery, pictures, or other "household gods" to be sold in aid of the Fund. In this way we hope to be able to increase the amount of money already contributed for the purpose of raising in London—the Capital of the Empire—a memorial which will be worthy of the cause and, at the same time, helpful to the present-day living animals.

The Fund will be closed at the end of the year, and therefore it is requested that such gifts should be sent to me at 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, with as little delay as possible.

Yours etc.,

E. G. FAIRHOLME

Captain, Chief Secretary

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

## NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER

The publisher greatly regrets that owing to a fault in the perforation of the new wrappers many subscribers did not receive their copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW last week, or received them in a damaged condition. This fault has been remedied, and in every case that could be traced additional copies have been sent. Any subscriber who desires another copy of last week's issue will receive one gratis if a post-card asking for it is sent to

THE PUBLISHER,

The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



## Reviews

## SAVONAROLA IN MAYFAIR

*While I Remember.* By Stephen McKenna. Butterworth. 21s. net.

THE argument upon which Mr. McKenna has based this chronicle of his own generation is at first sight satisfactory. "Possibly there is still room," he suggests, "for recollections that have frankly been written for publication before age has too greatly blurred the outline of memory or distance eliminated too ruthlessly the unimportant." A satisfactory argument, as we have suggested, delivered with an orotund sonority which booms and ricochets along the defiles of this book; unsatisfactory only in the light of Mr. McKenna's own achievement. True to this conception the author has given his memoir the title of 'While I Remember'—a title of which the apparent conceit is resolved, on examination, into an essential humility. The book might more appropriately be called 'What I Could Not Possibly Forget.' Indeed, by the time Mr. McKenna has attained the old age which his book anticipates, his shelves will be crowded and his memory assured by a library of political and military chronicles of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, written with more perspective and perhaps more animation than his own contribution. For such, substantially, is the nature of his book. Contiguity rather than distance has too, too ruthlessly eliminated the unimportant. That is why our memory retains the excerpts from his diary kept during the Balfour mission to America, whilst, like a fusillade of leading articles from the *Times*, so much of the rest of his book makes magnificent noises and dies away. Relaxing his austerity for one moment, he has allowed the unimportant to invade his diary. The robust yell of four hundred Canadian babies awakened by a salvo of submarine practice-fire startlingly restores us to the sensation that the world is not bounded by Westminster, Christ Church and Mayfair. Mr. McKenna should be more grateful to those infant choirs. 'While I Remember' gives us the impression that Mr. McKenna is conscious of a doom upon him; that he must expiate to the outraged *manes* of Gladstonian Liberalism for the flippancies of his *Sonias* and *Barbara Neaves*. Hence over the avenues of Mayfair this wee free Savonarola waves his banner of ruthless importances.

There is a great deal of vivid political thinking in this book, phrased by Mr. McKenna, when he abandons such affectations as his 'identic school,' with some felicity. "No war is inevitable until it breaks out, if then; and successful diplomacy in effect and intention is the history of inevitable wars which have never taken place." And later, just as pithily, "when next liberal candidates made profession of faith, they deafened themselves with a cry for revenge and for indemnities which could not be exacted until 'the war to end war' culminated in a peace to end peace." It is this generosity of outlook which makes his lapse into the jargon of Mr. Bottomley a psychological enigma. "Until she appears barefooted and draped in a sheet, Germany must remain branded with the mark of bestiality." And on the next page, "But was not the Kaiser *Kriegsherr*? Is it not an offence against humanity to use a human screen . . . ? On that account alone he should be hanged." What pretty rhetoric is this! Or let us not quarrel with the sentiment. Let us stand aghast and marvel at Mr. McKenna's later specific recognition of the fact that the assumption of the Kaiser by the Allies must have involved a declaration of war against Holland. A delay on the part of Mr. McKenna for one or two decades would have rendered less likely the ungallantry of his reference to Italy or the mere historic inaccuracy of his references to the Salonica expedition. The impatient contemporaries of the event might have talked of "those who were sent to rot in Salonica." But how shall those say it who witnessed its splendid consumma-

tion? Delay, we suspect, would not have modified an attitude to the poetry of the war which savours of the professional ungenerosity of the strict and undiluted novelist. Only two poems—one by Brooke and one by Masfield—attained for him any finality. Mr. McKenna must have confined his researches to a cursory examination of 'The Muse in Arms.' We suggest, at a venture, the extension of his study in the direction of Julian Grenfell, Wilfred Owen, F. V. Branford and Robert Graves.

It is not our conviction that this is the best of all possible worlds. It is merely the best and the worst we have in our conscious knowledge experienced. But we could find historic analogies for the causes of Mr. McKenna's successive depressions. "Politics were finally desocialized when Mr. Asquith moved to Cavendish Square." There was a Premier once whose name was Sir Robert Walpole. Since 1919 the "incomparable human material" of our country "is running to waste again." Time will offer to Mr. McKenna, we trust, the opportunity to correct his romantic and precipitate pessimism.

## A PLAY ABOUT HEAVEN

*Possession: A Peep-Show in Paradise.* By Laurence Housman. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

AFTER the vineyard the fields of asphodel. Mr. Housman intended originally to include 'Possession' among his studies of the Victorian grape, but did not do so "as a concession to those who do not like to have their politics and their religion mixed." The present play is a deft and rather ghoulish dig at those anthropomorphic theologians who would furnish Heaven with horse-hair sofas. The scene is 'The Everlasting Habitations,' and the list of characters—Julia Robinson, Laura James, Martha Robinson, their Mother, their Father William James husband to Laura James—reads like an over-crowded headstone. The perturbation occasioned by the possibility of there being no future life is as nothing, Butler points out, to the discomfiture which some people would experience upon the discovery that there is a life after death.

But these good Victorians of Mr. Housman's suffer no dismay. They possess themselves, fully and completely, in a next world of their own fashioning. They are at liberty to do only such things as please them, "materialising" at such times and places as suit them, "dissolving" when they dislike the company. Miss Julia Robinson, "an elderly lady whose countenance suggests the very acme of genteel repose," inhabits a "well-wooded" interior of her own choosing, all mahogany and walnut, with lustres and the atmosphere of the Great Exhibition of 1851. She treats the family servant Hannah, who preceded her—they do not use the word pre-deceased—humanly, though at a distance, in the Victorian way. They make tea in their own earthly teapot, which came with them, and this tea can be ten shilling China or plan Bohea at will. Provided always that in life you have ever drunk ten shilling China. This is the clue to Mr. Housman's anthropomorphic theology. If, on earth, you have never worn sables, you will be obliged, in Heaven, to content yourself with ermine. "Then you mean to tell me," says Laura, "that if I had indulged more then, I could indulge more now." "Undoubtedly," replies Julia, and reflects that life is full of lost opportunity. A doctrine, one suggests, open to grave abuse. It must be quite discouraging to the moralist, for instance, that nothing succeeds in the next world like excess in this.

The play, to which we call Mr. José Levy's attention although we do not think it is likely to be acted even at the Little Theatre, concerns the acerbities of Sister Laura after translation. None of her family will have her, and she is left in that isolation which is the Hell of her own choosing. Her father, who liked her better than his other children—probably because she did not join in those abominable wool-work slippers, that exacting affection and moral atmosphere—goes back to

his own Hell, disgruntled at having been disturbed. In this world, where everybody possesses his soul, "we are all where we wish to be." If this play were not so witty it might be deemed blasphemous. Certainly Mr. Housman, when he jokes in his proper person, is less nicely poised than when he is making simple fun of the Victorians. We wonder whether this author is familiar with Halévy's little story 'Le Rêve,' which is an earlier statement of his go-as-you-please theology. A widow is allowed by "le Père éternel"—we keep the French, having, like Mr. Housman, our discretions and avoidances—to choose between her two earthly husbands. She replies that she would much prefer a third, one Monsieur de Séricourt, who, from his little cloud on the left, has been making signs to her for the last quarter of an hour. "Why did you not say so before?" is the reply. "What else should I want, but that, having been a good Christian on earth you shall be happy in Paradise?" Here the dreamer is startled out of his sleep, "tant ce propos me parut vif de la part du Père éternel." We think the adjective admirably suits Mr. Housman's play, of which the theme is, if we are not to use an inelegant English colloquialism, at least "un peu vif."

#### THE ABUSE OF LEGAL PROCEDURE

*The Present Law of Abuse of Legal Procedure.* By Percy Henry Winfield, LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 18s. net.

IT has often been said that it is possible to drive a coach and four through the provisions of most Acts of Parliament, but it must not be assumed from the title of this book that its intention is to assist either the enterprising burglar or to be the *vade mecum* of the habitual criminal—far from it. Dr. Winfield's laudable object undoubtedly is to call attention to many of the apparent inconsistencies of our Statute and Common Law in the matter of Procedure, and this book, which is supplementary to the author's interesting work on Conspiracy and Abuse of Legal Procedure, has been written with the same care and attention to detail as characterised its predecessor, and bears evidence of the most meticulous investigation of legal lore and authority.

Dr. Winfield's observations ought to be of value to both branches of the legal profession, and many of his pages may interest even lay persons unacquainted with the more esoteric aspects of the legal administration of this country. In a chapter devoted to the consideration of 'Champerty and Maintenance,' Dr. Winfield suggests that the Law of Conspiracy should be extended so as to include within its purview those two offences, as well as those of Embracery and Barratry, and, apart from the difficulty of interfering with the somewhat complicated system of Common Law now existing in Great Britain, this proposition would seem to be unobjectionable, having regard to the fact that the commission of either of those offences practically necessitates a conspiracy to pervert justice.

Prosecutions for such offences are certainly infrequent; indeed, in 1883 the late Sir James Stephen said that no prosecution for Maintenance had taken place within living memory, and since that time only one person has to our knowledge been prosecuted for Embracery, but these facts alone do not necessarily negate the possibility of such cases arising in the future, and simplification of the law relating to them would be advantageous both to lawyers and to the public at large. The relations between master and servant in regard to civil actions instituted by either the one or the other, and considerations as to how far friends may assist each other in litigation are also dealt with by Dr. Winfield. Other interesting topics touched upon are the rights of a barrister to recover fees, Criminal Liability of Printers and Publishers, Indemnifying Bail (an offence no doubt more often committed than detected), and Compounding Felony (of which, perhaps, the same remark may be made).

Vexatious Prosecution, and the Grand Jury, are topics of special importance, for by such proceedings the liberty of the subject may be imperilled and, as the author remarks, "a dozen vexatious actions against a man will not do him one tithe the harm that one vexatious prosecution may do." Dr. Winfield contends that the Vexatious Indictments Act, 1859, which curtails the power of a prosecutor to prefer an indictment for certain misdemeanours only, should be extended so as to include all indictable offences, and that

the true principle ought to have been to wipe out the anomaly that in this country any one and every one may accuse any one else behind his back, and without giving him notice of his intention to do so, of almost any crime whatsoever (p. 230).

With regard to the Grand Jury System, a subject of controversy for the past century, Dr. Winfield supports the oft-repeated suggestion that the entire freedom of a person to accuse another of felony before a Grand Jury should be made impossible (p. 237) and in another paragraph (p. 231) he says:

Grand Juries were suspended during the war so that for the time being a private person cannot abuse an indictment through their agency. If the suspension becomes permanent, an abuse will be wiped out by destruction of the thing abused, and we shall owe to the accident of a war a change in the law which itself produces an accidental reform.

The Index and Table of Cases, important features in a book of this kind, have been very carefully compiled.

#### MOONSHINE FROM THE EAST

*The Fugitive.* Poems. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Traveller's Tale.* By Clifford Bax. Oxford. Blackwell. 5s. net.

MYSTICISM and the Orient have from long use become hazily synonymous in the popular mind. Any type of second-rate pseudo-metaphysics, particularly if tricked out in glib rhythms, can masquerade as "mysticism," just as any point all the way East, and a long way South, of the Ural Mountains, is held to lie in that intensely psychic region, the "Orient." Now that all things oriental are deemed on that account to be mystical, we need a Nietzsche to prepare a new evaluation of values in the literatures of Eastern origin, when every platitude will lose its barrenness and every commonplace become pregnant with esoteric significance. It is not that the writings of such poets as Tagore satisfy yearnings for a mysticism withheld by Occidental literature. Suggest to the yearners a stiff dose of Boehme or an evening with the 'Prophetic Books.' Conceive the horrified liftings of the whites of eyes. We are prepared sympathetically to consider that the word matters little compared with what lies behind the word; but accepting Tagore in this sense we have rarely encountered even one moment's flash of that astonishing vision which, like the Northern Lights, heaves and burns across the pages of William Blake; he leaves us fatigued therefore by an attitude more profitable in the solution of magazine problems than in the reading of his poetry. At times we cannot disguise our suspicion that the mystic, like one of Tagore's dream girls in his new collection of poems, 'The Fugitive,' is looking in our face and saying . . . "Nothing . . . nothing whatsoever."

Of course even nothing, said by Tagore, is sure to be said very smoothly, very felicitously; and his songs become a sort of ghost clad in rich and solid raiment, suggesting positively Defoe's delightful Mrs. Veal, who returning to the earth she had lately abandoned, almost allowed herself to accept a cup of tea.

You are the first break on the crest of heaven's slumber, Urvashi, you thrill the air with unrest. The world bathes your limbs in her tears; with colour of her heart's blood are your feet red; lightly you poise on the wave-tossed lotus of desire, Urvashi; you play for ever in that limitless mind wherein labours God's tumultuous dream.

It is the richness of this raiment which is the characteristic of Tagore; he scatters his metaphors with a



lavish hand, unwilling that his humblest noun should go forth naked and unadorned. His technique, in fact, is simply an imaginative elaboration of the metaphor; not utilized however to make the picture more vivid to the eye, for his metaphors are associations rather than descriptions. Occasionally they reach beauty, but usually they slide like skating-beetles along the smooth levels of the obvious.

Mr. Clifford Bax in 'The Traveller's Tale' has also gone to the East for inspiration. The traveller is the soul of the poet, wandering from body to body through the generations till at last it cries in anguish:

No more! No more! Let me exist no more!

From the body of an ancient savage in the South Pacific it wanders, "constrained by a law supreme as death," through the bodies of a Babylonian orphan, a Greek cripple, a Roman soldier, a mediæval French Bishop, a Cotswold clergyman, and finally the keeper of a garden in a future age where

No more does man go forth to slay.  
A single helmsman guides a single world. . . .  
Much has man prospered. Beauty robes his days.  
He speaks with heaven. The seasons own his rule.

The theme has of course long lost its novelty, and must be handled with superlative skill if it is to succeed at this late season. The stories are told in a style not lacking in vigour or in frankness, which Mr. Bax mistakes for poetic strength. Mr. Bax should re-read that awful warning whose name is 'Festus.' It is difficult to see why his stories were not told in prose, for Mr. Bax's vision is philosophical rather than poetical; he deals more with arguments than emotions, and the restraint enforced by his medium is a constant embarrassment:

Did Chance or God build heaven and earth?  
God. And devised our death and birth?  
None else. I grasp thy sorry scheme:  
The world is God's uneasy dream.

Mr. Bax is ours.

#### A THEORY OF HEREDITY

*Hormones and Heredity.* By J. T. Cunningham. Constable. 24s. net.

MODERN research has brought many biologists to the conclusion that all the structures and appearances of any living creature can be analysed into a number of distinct characters, each of which is represented in its reproductive cells by a distinct particle of matter, often called a gene. The genes from the male and female parent, combined in the fertilised egg, give rise to their appropriate characters in the offspring. Setting aside such differences as may be due to the crossing of differently constituted parents, we find, as a rule, that the offspring resembles the parents. Sometimes, however, it does not resemble them, but a new character makes its appearance or the whole creature may differ in many respects. Such changes are known as variations or mutations, and are due, it is inferred, to changes in the genes. They seem to bear little or no relation to the habits or surroundings of the creature; in a word, they are not adaptive. Other changes are known, not of this sudden and apparently irrelevant nature, but gradual in their appearance and purposeful or adaptive in their character. While variations of the former kind are manifest at birth or at some definite stage in development, changes of the latter kind frequently appear slowly at a late period of growth.

There are then two main problems before us. First, to account for the sudden change of the genes; secondly, to account for the gradual adaptive changes and to explain their transmission to the offspring. Mr. Cunningham is concerned solely with the second problem. He has always been one of the many who, in spite of Weismann, believe that creatures are modified by their habits or their surroundings, and that the modification is, in

course of time, transmitted to their progeny. His object is to elucidate the mechanism whereby this transmission is accomplished. Early in the present century it was discovered that the secretions from various internal glands were conveyed by the blood to certain parts of the body and affected their growth. Such secretions were called "hormones" (messengers). Mr. Cunningham speedily applied this discovery to explain the origin and transmission of those characters which are confined to one or other sex, and then extended the theory to other adaptive structures. His theory goes beyond the recognised hormone-producing glands and postulates the formation of hormones in all parts of the body. It demands next that these hormones shall influence the genes in such a way that a change in any part of the body modifies the appropriate gene in each reproductive cell, and is by that gene transmitted to the corresponding part of the offspring's body though in a lessened degree. The theory further supposes that the transmission becomes manifest in the offspring at a period of life agreeing with that in which the modification first appeared in the parent, and it explains this by the assumption that the effect is produced only when the hormones from other parts of the body have brought the blood into the same physico-chemical state as that which accompanied the original modification.

The subject is extraordinarily complicated and necessarily technical, but Mr. Cunningham has made a bold, though unsustained, attempt to write simply. Unfortunately he does not always write clearly, even with the aid of precise scientific terms, so that our condensation of his theory into three sentences may be less accurate than we hope. With much that Mr. Cunningham sets out to prove we are already in agreement, and we are prepared to accept his explanation as a good working hypothesis, though over-elaborate in parts. But our two problems remain unsolved: Whether genes change suddenly or whether they are slowly influenced by hormones, what is the nature of the change? It is Mr. Cunningham's merit to have distinguished the two questions, to have made the second one more precise, and to have indicated by this most interesting volume a possible road to its solution.

#### THE OUTLOOK IN INDIA

*India Old and New.* By Sir Valentine Chirol. Macmillan. 10s. net.

IT is more than forty years since Sir Valentine Chirol entered on the study of Indian affairs. Visiting the country repeatedly on behalf of the *Times*, he acquired eventually a knowledge of it as a whole probably unsurpassed, except in regard to a few highly technical administrative questions, by any Englishman serving in India. If knowledge alone sufficed, he would be the most reliable of guides through the complexities of the Indian situation. Other qualifications, however, are required; and though Sir Valentine Chirol, after a life-time devoted to the investigation of political and particularly of Oriental questions does not lack shrewdness in judging of men or the ability to distinguish the real from the ostensible springs of political action, he seems devoid of the ability to co-ordinate sound enough individual judgments into a helpful general view.

As he appeals to Englishmen and Indians to approach public questions with goodwill towards each other, allowance must be made for the special difficulties and temptations of both in existing circumstances. The Englishman in India often finds that Indian colleagues on a public body are more concerned to use the opportunity of developing some claim to larger scope for Indian talent than desirous of settling the particular question under notice. Indians, on the other hand, frequently suppose, and sometimes not wrongly, that their European colleagues are more zealous to guard the bureaucratic preserve against intrusion than to educate Indians to a full comprehension of the policy involved.

Further difficulties are due to the growth, within the last twelve years, of a curious intellectual arrogance amongst certain classes of educated Indians. The highly promising social reform movements of the 'seventies and 'eighties have weakened, been diverted, died away, and so far from taking any lessons from Western teachers, most Indian Nationalists of to-day would entirely deny the competence of the grossly materialistic Occident to instruct the spiritualised East in philosophy, ethics, social organisation, or the arts. Sir Valentine Chirol must be well aware of this, and indeed casually shows that he is, but he makes far too little of it.

The most serious defect of his in many ways valuable book we take to be the tacit assumption that the delegation of authority from the British and bureaucratic to the Indian and quasi-representative part of the government can be continued calmly and gradually until the old British Raj at length fades beautifully away amidst the blessings of a completely self-governing people, brought by so smooth a royal road and with so few adventures to the goal of autonomy. The probability is that the later stages of the journey will have to be rushed. Instead of steps decided upon as Parliament here, advised by the Secretary of State, becomes convinced of Indian fitness for further advance, we shall most likely find ourselves obliged to acquiesce in a great plunge forward dictated, not by anyone's conviction of India's fitness for it, but by the sheer practical impossibility of working a few "reserved" departments when most departments have been transferred.

Pending that, there are various difficulties enumerated by Sir Valentine Chirol in the chapter entitled 'Rocks and Shoals Ahead.' Not the least, as he perceives, is the economic grievance, resulting in part from unsuccessful efforts to stabilise the rupee at 2s. This and the congestion last winter and later in the piece-goods market have sent a certain number of Bombay *banias* and Calcutta Marwaris and other native traders into the camp of Mr. Gandhi's followers, from which they would otherwise have remained aloof.

#### MEN AND CHILDREN

*The School of Life.* By Charles T. Smith. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

*The Poetic Procession.* By J. F. Roxburgh. Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.

THERE are two ways in education, the method of condescension and the method of reverence. Mr. Smith's 'The School of Life' is an attempt to remove the reproach of exclusive concentration on music brought against his previous work, 'The Music of Life,' that fluttered the security of many pundits and pedagogues. Mr. Smith conjures up a vision of world citizens built up in our elementary schools by a system of education based on a dramatic apprehension of the nine great cultural epochs of humanity. In the Greek period Herodotus is to wander from nation to nation in the class rooms, compiling his history. In the Roman period, the seventh standard, representing the highest culture, is to discover the ancient Britons in the infants' school. Each class is to represent and to live through the life of the cultural body most suitable to its own powers of apprehension. In each epoch the seventh standard is the dominant power, and each month the school lives through a new epoch. In successive years the same children enact successively higher cultures; with play acting and dramatic representation to provide the keynote, though no activity is to go unexplored. The atmosphere of the school is to be the heat of a world in evolution. Instead of the dull apportioning of class hours in a routine of old dull subjects, each art or science is to receive, at the expense of more backward studies, a maximum attention in the epoch during which it attains its fine flower. In this way every child shall have

absorbed an epitome of world progress; and not only will he be able to understand all past civilizations, but he will also keep pace with the world and arrive at the maturity of his school-leaving age as a completely evolved citizen of a modern world. The least valuable result of Mr. Smith's scheme would be to make of him a rather more cultured companion of Mr. Wells in his tracing of the outlines of progress.

It seems a bold step, and we who were at great pains to acquire our own provinces of the encyclopædia, look somewhat in benevolent suspicion at this system which is to bring Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Racine, Molière, Tchekhov, Wagner and Mozart into the elementary school. When to this imposing suggestion is added the introduction of the Public School House System we feel that the teeth of Mr. Smith's method have bitten off more than the most active jaws will be able to dispose of. But that it functions well, is evidenced by a performance of Mozart's 'Magic Flute' given in the Isle of Dogs by his unaided seventh standard, to the universal delight of the leading newspaper critics. Mr. Bernard Shaw was no less approbatory and he was glad of the opportunity to inform Mr. Smith that as a child he, Mr. Shaw, could sing several operas from beginning to end. With such augury, we can only urge that Mr. Smith be given every opportunity to enjoy himself.

Mr. Smith treats his children as men and citizens of the world. Mr. Roxburgh, Sixth Form master at Lancing College, in his lectures on poetry to the Workers' Educational Association, treats his men as children. We are as much depressed by the reading of his 'Poetic Processions' as we are exhilarated by Mr. Smith's 'School of Life.' There is the dullest of adequacy in this mere rearranging and paraphrasing of a not too eclectic anthology. With Mr. Bernard Shaw we cry in sorrow: "God! who is going to educate the other schoolmasters?"

#### A SPORTING SCHOOLMASTER

*Shooting Trips in Europe and Algeria.* By Hugh P. Highton. Witherby. 16s. net.

MR. HIGHTON was a Rugby master, and over thirty trips to various parts of wilder Europe, besides half-a-dozen to Algeria, must have accounted for nearly all the vacations of this enthusiastic and obviously accomplished stalker. One might fancy from the qualities revealed in this well-written book, that, under other circumstances, the author would have followed the trail of those two other and famous Rugbeians, Selous and Abel Chapman. Mr. Highton shows us what Europe can still provide for the independent wanderer with a love for wild nature, the qualities to face its difficulties with often inadequate assistance and a soul above the mere counting of "heads."

Elk and reindeer shooting in Norway and Sweden claim the largest share of these pages, with always rype, capercaillie and trout to fill in the days or weeks not thus employed. To us these are the most fascinating chapters. To some, however, if only for greater familiarity with the scenes of action, chamois stalking, both in winter and summer, in the Swiss and Italian Alps, may appeal still more. The problem of quarters, often a troublesome one elsewhere, is here solved in roughly adequate fashion by the universal mountain cowsheds. The exhilarating dangers of climbing unroped, and rifle in hand, urged on by the long excitement of a stalk, have far more attraction in the author's opinion than forming one of a line of roped men in the mere achievement of a peak. They certainly have in the narration. Though much the smallest of the animals pursued by Mr. Highton, he gives chamois stalking first place in his affections. Nor as a profound lover of nature does he count the long stationary hours often spent with the glass in searching some gorgeous Alpine panorama as the least of its pleasures.



But his adventures in Scandinavian wilds make even better reading. Few other English sportsmen, we fancy, but Abel Chapman, who tells of it in his 'Wild Norway,' have penetrated the Vidden, on the confines of Norway and Sweden. Here, herds of reindeer roam over a bleak, treeless, upland tract 4,000 feet above sea-level, and 100 miles in length by 70 in width, upon which there are neither people, nor dwellings, nor roads, nor trails.

We are also taken elk-hunting into the Swedish forests, to Algeria after Barbary sheep and gazelle, and on an amusing but futile experiment in the heart of Corsica, where the life, and the natives, including the brigands, proved most entertaining and the scenery beautiful, but the trout streams poached out and the shooting nil. Mr. Highton is the more interesting for having been always his own pioneer, accompanied by some qualified friend or other, though occasionally by a Rugby pupil, and hiring the two best hunter-guides he can discover on the spot. The book should prove of great service to any adventurous souls whom its pages may inspire to like efforts, for the author is generous of his hardly acquired knowledge and quotes the average cost of his trips at £40. But this is the least of it, for we have found its mere perusal delightful, both for the novelty of the subject and the manner of dealing with it. There are moreover about fifty helpful photographs done by the author himself.

#### LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

*Le Morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory. A Study.*  
By Vida D. Scudder. Dent. 10s. 6d.

THE greatest treasure of our prose in the fifteenth century is the admirable romance of the Death of Arthur which was printed by Caxton in the Abbey of Westminster on the last day of July, 1485. All we certainly know of the author is what Caxton tells us in his preface, namely, that he was Sir Thomas Maleore (or Malory), knight. That is all that has been preserved about the begetter of one of our most eminent national classics, except that he finished his work either in 1469 or 1470. Miss Scudder, an American lady who is already known by an excellent version of the letters of Saint Catherine of Siena, has dedicated fifteen years to the study of Arthurian romance, and the ample volume before us is the result of her investigations. The importance of the romance-cycles of the later Middle Ages is becoming more and more generally recognised, and Miss Scudder's book, which is a serious and yet not heavy or pedantic contribution to the theme, deserves attention and a welcome. The time is past when it was supposed that Malory was the romantic creator of a marvellous wandering story. We know that he summed up, with an art of his own the source of which escapes us, the inventions of a crowd of predecessors. For three centuries before Malory wrote the prowess of Arthur had been celebrated by chroniclers and bards. These early legends were marred by the grotesque imagination of the narrators. Who could take an interest in a knight who, when he was sad, would let his lower lip droop below his waist, and turn the upper lip over his head like a cap, or even in one who, in haste to cross a forest, walked for convenience's sake on the tops of the trees?

Miss Scudder marks the development of reason and credibility in the successive versions of the story, which found its earliest complete and decorous narrator in Geoffrey of Monmouth. She analyses the surviving French prose romances, each of which added something salient to the material; and she comes at length to the noble book which sums up for English readers the whole record of chivalry. She thinks that she has lifted the author out of obscurity by identifying him with a Warwickshire Thomas Malory who sat in the parliament of Henry VI. Her book is a very full and

illuminating guide to the whole mystery of Arthurian romance, and will be of much service to students as well as the general reader.

#### THE PROBLEM OF MEXICO

*Mexico on the Verge.* By Dr. E. J. Dillon. Hutchinson. 21s. net.

DR. DILLON dealt faithfully with the Paris Peace Conference in his last book. He now deals not less faithfully with the past, present and prospective action of the United States towards Mexico in this volume, which is written with all his customary lucidity and incisiveness of style. He makes a very strong plea for the continuance of the full independence of Mexico. During the last two or three years he has travelled in Mexico and been in close touch with General Obregon, its President, accompanying him on several journeys up and down the country, and also forming more or less intimate acquaintanceships with other native leaders. His highly trained faculty of observation enabled him to understand without difficulty the general economic condition of Mexico, and what he says of it is encouraging. While peace and order have been re-established, and reforms of every kind pressed forward, "business has revived to such an extent that in May, 1921, only four countries bought more goods in the United States than Mexico, who imported more than all the countries of South America by nearly two million dollars." But he was far more deeply interested in the political situation, the real object of his lengthy visit being the investigation of the exact position of affairs as between Mexico and the United States—to determine whether Mexico could still stand alone, or must fall under the "guardianship" of its big and powerful neighbour, as many Americans maintain will be the case.

Throughout the book Dr. Dillon speaks of General Obregon in the highest terms, and declares that he has worked a veritable transformation of his native land. But the President's struggle for the independence of his country is hard and difficult against the oil and other large financial American interests which ceaselessly bring pressure to bear in their favour, both through the poverty of most of the Mexicans, and through the influence of these interests on American Governments, whether democratic or republican, and an unrelenting and unscrupulous propaganda. The truth, as Dr. Dillon puts it, is:

He (the President) and many of his compatriots have often fervently wished that Nature had not handicapped Mexico with a sinister combination: the boon of vast material wealth, the drawback of a listless and poverty-stricken population, and the blessing of a progressive neighbour endowed with the gift of exploiting both.

Dr. Dillon believes that if sufficient time is given to the President such an improvement will be effected in Mexico that any pretext for American intervention will disappear, but he states that the oil and other interests are determined not to accord sufficient time—hence the critical situation indicated in the title of his book, 'Mexico on the Verge.' And he appeals to the great body of the American public to be just to General Obregon and Mexico. It is evident, however, that he has doubts of his success, for he draws attention to the action of the United States with regard to Haiti, a matter of which little or nothing is known in England, but one which has filled the Central Americans, especially the Mexicans, with the gravest apprehensions, because they fear that it discloses the real attitude of the United States towards them. The gist of the Haiti business was that a so-called treaty of "friendship" was imposed by brute force on the Haitians by the Americans. Dr. Dillon publishes some extraordinary statements of gross outrages committed by American troops in Haiti, and emphasises what he evidently regards as a fact, namely, that the American Government has never lived up to any of the agreements which it had entered into with respect to the Haitian people. This is a serious charge, and calls for as serious a reply.

## DARTMOOR GOSSIP

*Small Talk at Wreyland.* Second Series. By Cecil Torr. Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.

BEFORE some hundreds of detached paragraphs (in which shape the little book is cast) tripping inconsequently from the obscurer Greek authors and Egyptology to the parish pump and its predecessors the reviewer must needs quail. But the irresponsible reader may take heart, as this astonishing medley is illuminated by a neat and scholarly touch, while its trifles, when they demand it, are handled with an adequate sense of humour. The author is of that rare type, a country squire of studious but observant habit and an easy acquaintance with many lands.

Wreyland stands for a district on the S.E. edge of Dartmoor which includes the author's ancestral home, and this volume is a second instalment of its small talk. But if the reader expects any such intimate revelation of a countryside as was recently provided by another West Country landowner in 'My Somerset Friends,' he will be disappointed. Barely a third of these notes are devoted to local customs, archæology, folk-lore and yarns, some of them good ones. There are no allusions to sport in a country greatly given over to it in its simpler and more enjoyable forms, and very few to natural history or even to scenery.

But Mr. Torr gossips pleasantly of cottage construction, past and present, common rights, enclosures, odd clauses in old title deeds, and of old-time country lawyers, who dare not employ any clerks lest present and potential clients should suspect a leakage of their secrets. He quotes freely from his father's letters, which, though to the point, are not very ancient history: for many of us can remember wages in Devonshire at 11s. and less in Wiltshire, and the then current doctrine that the line of bare maintenance was all the labourer's due, however prices and rents might soar. Even as late as this the Wreyland wags, when their world was snow-bound, found entertainment in repairing at night to the moorland finger posts, up-rooting and re-setting them at the wrong angles.

In the 'sixties Devonshire was comparatively unknown to "up-country" people. Dartmoor was little heard of and Exmoor scarcely at all. The enterprising G.W.R., however, with a swarm of writers, native, adopted and transient, have changed all that. "Devon" has become a sort of cult or convention, sharing nearly all the rural background required in modern fiction with Cornwall and Sussex. Formerly most natives called their country "Devonshire" in ordinary speech, reserving the terser form for particular application or the printed page. Yet we have ourselves lived to be rebuked by a sententious American for miscalling the land of our youth.

## J. S. MANN

*An Administrator in the Making.* By James Saumarez Mann. Longmans. 15s. 6d. net.

JAMES SAUMAREZ MANN was a Scholar of Balliol whose academic career was interrupted abruptly, like so many others, by the outbreak of war. His record as an infantry officer, as adjutant of a cadet battalion, and as a member of the intelligence service in connection with the Air Force, was one of varied, interesting and extremely efficient labour. His comments on the course of events were just and clear-headed, marked by a sense of humour singularly swift and delicate.

The later portions of the book tell a gallant and interesting tale of work in Mesopotamia. Originally it had been intended that Mann should apply his amazing linguistic abilities to editorial work of a somewhat ill-defined character in Baghdad. But he was rapidly absorbed into political administration. A history of that great essay in the extension of British adminis-

trative principles has yet to be written. It is possible that the whole enterprise will stand condemned by the future judgment of Englishmen. That is the politician's burden. These letters afford an opportunity for insight into the actual work which could scarcely be surpassed by more elaborate chronicles. The naïve expression of native gratitude was hardly needed to explain the nature of the part which Mann himself played in the great experiment. That is obvious from the whole character of the kindly, tolerant, vehemently just man he has revealed himself to be in his letters. They provide a singularly forcible example of an ideal of imperial service which could afford to stand without basing itself upon imperialism. It is grievous to record that their author perished in the lamentable outbreaks of 1920. The father has well served the memory of the son in publishing these letters.

## A DEXTEROUS MUSE

*New Times and Old Rhymes.* By Charles L. Graves. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s. net.

WE are greatly delighted with Mr. C. L. Graves's new book of verses, for he brings a refreshingly sure, light and dexterous touch to the current affairs and prominent people that are the theme of his bantering muse. Amusing as he is in his collaborations with Mr. Lucas, we greatly prefer Mr. Graves by himself; his talent is too individual, too delicate, not to suffer a loss of quality by admixture; and this modest little volume, like some others that have preceded it, deserves a place on those shelves which we devote to the poets that we love and turn back to with pleasure. For trivial as his themes may appear, Mr. Graves's handling of them is a literary and not a journalistic exercise; his instinct is as true and fastidious as that of Calverley; and although the intellectual content of his verse is light as thistledown, he subjects himself to rigours of form that are none the less exact for being obviously a pleasure and amusement to him in themselves. His ingenuity in pure jingle may be judged from this verse culled from 'The Swabian Summer School':

There were present Jugo-Fabians,  
Theosophic Astrolabians,  
Several blameless Bessarabians and Koreans from Seoul;  
With a brace of Finn historians,  
Some Rabindranath-Tagorians,  
And a group of Montessorians, at the Swabian Summer School.

Mr. Graves's Horatian parodies are as good as ever; and we hope that he will give us yet several more of these timely little collections to remind us that there is even in these hard times a literature of laughter.

## GAMBETTA

*Gambetta; and the Foundation of the Third Republic.* By Harold Stannard. Methuen. 15s. net.

ONE is inclined to look in advance with some prejudice on the effort of a foreigner to engage national historians on their own battlefield, in the portrayal of great national figures. The reason is a simple one—they do not as a rule do the work as well. Not having in general access to manuscript records, they are inclined to retail second-hand facts and opinions. In the case of Mr. Stannard's book there was deeper cause even for this prejudice, since it is only two years ago that there was published a very admirable study of the same figure by the statesman who was at that time President of the French Republic. Let it be said at once that Mr. Stannard quickly dispels the prejudice. In the first place, his task is greatly simplified by the fact that Gambetta's speeches have been edited in eleven volumes by the late Joseph Reinach, and that there are also available two volumes containing his correspondence as minister in the Government of National Defence. Much of the book concerns his rôle in the



second stage of the war. Mr. Stannard is here very frankly a "Gambettist." We cannot but feel, following his direction of the campaign in his biographer's own rendering of it, that Gambetta, through impatience and lack of military knowledge, was unfair to his armies, their leaders, and above all to General d'Aurelle de Paladines. His levies were no match for the well-trained and victorious Germans, and he gave their commander little opportunity to make them so. We say this without forgetting that it was entirely his zeal and personal magnetism that had created the armies, such as they were, and that had his influence been removed they would have collapsed on the instant.

When Mr. Stannard comes to the event which gives his book its sub-title, the foundation of the Third Republic, he is, we think, inclined to exaggerate the part played by his hero at the expense of Thiers. His portrait of the Duc de Broglie seems to come from the pages of M. Hanotaux. There is no great harm in that, for the original is clever, but it is not a very friendly portrait, and Mr. Stannard has a similar bias against all the men of the Right. But he is brave enough to own that it is to Gambetta that France owes much of the opportunism of her modern politics. For ourselves we would use a stronger word even than opportunism in this connection. Gambetta indulged in political chicanery, but as a man he was scrupulously honest. Within a few years of his death a fair number of Gambettists were involved in the highly remarkable financial transactions whose odour still clings, in France at least, to the name of Panama.

#### THE ATHLETE OF THE REVOLUTION

*Danton.* By Louis Madelin. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Heinemann. 15s. net.

THE name of Georges-Jacques Danton has already as large a place in the work of French historians as that of any of the great figures of the Revolution. Apart from the books devoted to him or to certain episodes in his career, his huge, brutal and unprepossessing figure sprawls across all the most important contemporary memoirs. He is, in fact, one of those rare and always fascinating people whose personality is even more interesting than his works. Like 'Old Rowley' or Dr. Johnson, we should recognise him if we met him in the street. For this reason it is perhaps not to be expected that this latest study will put an end to the flow of literature about his name. But successors of M. Madelin will have a difficult task. His work is based for the most part on records in the National Archives and the great libraries, and it is scarcely probable that any further valuable material of this nature remains to be discovered. M. Madelin is not only one of the most distinguished students of the revolutionary period; he is a very lively and spirited historian, with the style of the Gallic man of letters at its best. In the translation, alas! the style has fled. Apart from certain tortuous phrases, due to the literal rendering of French into English, the translation is, however, adequate, if without any particular distinction.

The sole respect wherein one is inclined to quarrel with M. Madelin is in his estimate of Danton's political character. He lays just emphasis on his great national work during the invasion of Brunswick and on his support of his general, Dumouriez. But he is inclined to harp on the "might have been," and to picture Danton as an enlightened and beneficent first minister of his country. But surely his whole career proves that, if he was capable of great bursts of energy, he had no staying power. He was not even ambitious in the true sense, but only greedy of popularity. His disgraceful venality, to which M. Madelin gives careful attention and appears to establish as definitely as it can ever be established, is alone sufficient to rule out his name in this rôle. One cannot picture the man "who only opened his mouth to have it stuffed with gold" settling down into an honest and patriotic statesman.

#### Fiction

*The Law Inevitable.* By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Butterworth. 8s. net.

IN one of his novels with a purpose, Paul Bourget has extolled that respect for the institution of matrimony which he holds to be implied in the French Catholic's preference for adultery as against divorce and remarriage. Such is not the line followed by Mr. Couperus in dealing with a somewhat similar subject. Neither the religious nor the moral aspect of the question concerns him apparently at all. As we understand it, he has simply aimed at writing an entertaining story which turns on the reaction of a given personality to a given set of circumstances. Mr. de Mattos has produced a translation so excellent that it reads like an original English work. But we are driven to wonder whether he may not have allowed himself some liberty with the title. For the behaviour of one far from typical individual can scarcely be held to establish an inevitable law.

Cornélie de Retz Van Loo is a Dutch girl in good society married to a Lieutenant of Hussars whom she has divorced for faithlessness and cruelty. At a boarding-house in Rome, amusingly described, she meets a young compatriot with artistic aspirations, the only sympathetic character in the book. He falls in love with her and presses marriage, which she declines; ostensibly on feminist grounds, but really from a lurking conviction that she has not seen the last of her former husband. Despite the artist's discontent with the irregularity of their relation, and the stopping of supplies by his scandalised family, they live together happily for a while. But presently the Hussar reappears, asserts the right of first conquest, and bears Cornélie away to respectability and a flat in Paris. The motive for their reunion, a purely animal attraction on both sides, is not pretty to contemplate, and we see no reason for believing this second joint adventure to be at all more promising than the first. There is a diverting underplot touched with tragedy, relating to an alliance between an Italian prince and a Transatlantic heiress, whose experiences recall Mr. Marion Crawford. We should judge the date of publication in Dutch to be about twenty years back. But there is no lack of freshness and interest.

*The Beautiful Years.* By Henry Williamson. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

THE aspiring young novelist may be permitted one legitimate grudge against publishers. It is no longer that he is refused a hearing—indeed, new stars shoot across the literary firmament at this season of the year with the frequency of November meteors—but rather that too large a hearing is claimed for him. He is "written up", paragraphed, photographed and flattered, with the result that the reader comes to his work expecting much and finding disappointment. Mr. Williamson, whose 'The Beautiful Years' is a first achievement, is heralded on the jacket by an enthusiastic publisher as an author who reveals an understanding of children equal to that of Francis Thompson. Now that is not merely a disservice to the reader, but to the author as well; for Mr. Williamson is a writer who is worth taking seriously, and deserves a true estimation of his work. Discard the dust-cover—and with it any murky misconceptions with which it may have clouded the mind—and one finds within a charming story of a frail, sensitive boy living a lonely and imaginative life among the hills of North Devon. At times the writing is a little ingenuous, so that one is tempted to laugh where one is obviously expected to suppress a tear. For Mr. Williamson has not the understanding of a Francis Thompson, at all events where children are concerned. But he has a genuine love of them and an obviously sincere compulsion within him to write of them with feeling and beauty.

It is, however, in his nature passages that he is at his best. His descriptions have often the accuracy and acuteness of poetry. But even here one may have too much of a good thing, and sometimes his reveries bear no relation to the tale he is telling, and the reader feels impelled to prod him in the back and implore him to get on with the story. Willow-wrens and field-voles are excellent company in their right environment, and in moderation also in novels; but Mr. Williamson should remember that the story in hand is worth many birds in the bush. There is one extreme instance of this failing: Mr. Williamson is fitting an old grandfather clock into its place among the "properties" of a farm-house parlour, and the thought of that old clock ticking its way down the centuries fills him with a sudden irrepressible ecstasy, and the result is an unpardonably purple patch of a page and a half, altogether out of place and proportion. But despite these occasional outbursts of fine writing for its own sake Mr. Williamson is on the whole a good writer who, if he will overcome a few tiresome affectations, may even become a good novelist. 'The Beautiful Years' is a good book; but it is not a good novel.

*Guinea Girl.* By Norman Davey. Chapman & Hall. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. NORMAN DAVEY has a quality that is rather rare in these days, a sense of form, a gift of construction which enables him to begin and to finish a story satisfactorily. 'The Pilgrim of a Smile' was not in this respect altogether a success, it tailed off towards the end; but this was chiefly because the author had set himself a task utterly beyond the powers of any but an experienced writer—the anticlimax was inevitable. Here the story is kept within due bounds. A small boy, sent unwillingly on an errand which detains him from a promised excursion, solaces his feelings by cursing Venus, the cause of his trouble. When he grows up and is demobilised after the war he is rejected by his lady-love, and retires to Monte Carlo, where he meets a fair one, as beautiful as Venus herself, who in his company and with his money breaks the bank. With the fortune thus obtained they enter a rather exclusive group of English people as husband and wife, and then the revenge of the goddess makes the unfortunate youth despicable in the sight of every woman who had cared for him, and he is left an empty shell.

Our author has a light touch, a ready gift of characterization, some power of description, and a liking for introducing scraps of French and Latin. We have no objection whatever to an apt quotation, and saw with pleasure the Lord Chancellor quoting in the House of Lords a line from Horace (which suffered in transmission through the Press), but we like it correct. Mr. Davey gives us in Greek some lines from Sappho and an epigram—presumably his own—which the more Greek one knows the less readily can one construe. In Latin he takes quotations from the Confessions of St. Augustine, the Pervigilium Veneris (with copyright errors and a mistranslation), and from an Ode of Horace (with a reading in which a German editor corrected Horace's Latinity), as well as acknowledged verses from Tibullus. He is, at any rate, more fortunate with his varied learning than he was with the simpler Latin and French of his first book. But this sort of thing must be done well if it is to be done at all.

## Shorter Notices

*The Countryman's Log Book.* By Viscountess Wolsley. Lee Warner. 15s. net.

Books about the months have been popular since the time of Hesiod and Ovid, and Lady Wolsley takes her place in the apostolic succession. Our society owes her a good deal for her work in harnessing women, psychologically and otherwise, to the land. Her tale of country lore, grouped under each month or

festivity, is fresh and ingenious and delightful for browsing. It suffers a little from amateur carelessness. All countrymen are not yeomen. Sir Horace Plunkett, from whom a very banal sentence is quoted, is docked of a "t." Fieldfares are not migrants, and burning logs do not moulder. Under May, the one month to which two chapters are devoted, no mention is made of "the festival of the three icemen," that bane of fruitgrowers. But the lapses are few, the positive merits many. Lady Wolsley has dug most effectively into old records and picked out the plums. Though most of the weather lore is trite, she has collated under each month just the sort of things we like to know, and there is no other book quite so gaily eclectic of the records of old English customs on feast days and festivals concerned with the land. For the idle moments of a week-end visitor, who has time to dip but not to read, no volume could be more nicely designed.

*The Greyhound and Coursing.* By Adair Dighton. Grant Richards. 21s. net.

The general reader will enjoy the first five pages of Mr. Dighton's book and the pictures. The specialist will delight in every page. It is so crowded with facts as to be almost a catalogue, especially when he comes to such subjects as the Waterloo Cup; but a delight in close detail is one of the peculiarities of the racing man, whether his choice is the greyhound or the thoroughbred. We should have liked some enquiry into the effects of pure breeding on the greyhound. Has he, or has he not, grown in size and speed, as the thoroughbred horse has? And is further development likely? The question is of interest to Darwinians; but perhaps we may infer from Mr. Dighton's little elementary lecture on Mendelism as applied to dogs that he is an anti-Darwinian? Otherwise the chapter on breeding is excellent and should kill such surviving superstition as belief in the "throw-back" or telegony. The chapter on training is original and sound, except perhaps for the port wine recipe, and of especial value to the poorer and less well equipped owner.

*Exploration of Air: Out of the World North of Nigeria.* By Angus Buchanan. Murray. 16s. net.

This book is a graphic description of a recent journey which Captain Buchanan, at the instance of Lord Rothschild and in the interests of Tring Museum, made across the Sahara to the little known region of Air or Asben, well north of Nigeria. It gives much new information about this part of Central Africa, and its vivid accounts of the new animals, birds, butterflies and moths discovered by the author—a keen naturalist—during his expedition pleasantly recall his former book on wild life in Canada. Full of interest, too, are its sketches of the strange and mysterious cities, of unknown age, that lie between Kano, the great Nigerian town, and Air itself. It is illustrated with excellent photographs. We commend it especially to the sportsman, the geographer, and the lover of nature.

*Some Cairo Mosques and their Founders.* By Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Constable. 17s. 6d. net.

In this effectively illustrated book Mrs. Devonshire describes the most interesting and striking mosques and tombs of Cairo, and gives at the same time brightly-written accounts of their founders or other personages connected with them. This book should prove very acceptable to all who know the fascinating capital of Egypt, or who desire to become better acquainted with the rich treasure of Moslem art. At the end of the volume is a valuable chronological list of the principal Moslem monuments of Cairo.

In *Pearl*, an English poem of the 14th century, edited with a modern rendering together with Boccaccio's 'Olympia' by Sir Israel Gollancz (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net), we have the final edition of one of the best of our mediæval poems by the foremost living English scholar, who has for many years made it the object of special study. The poem, like many other priceless treasures of our early literature, exists in only one manuscript which contains four distinct pieces, the best known being the story of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. It came originally from some northern abbey into the library of Henry Savile, and thence into the possession of the greatest of English collectors, Sir Robert Cotton, and escaping the fire at Ashburnham House is now in safety in the British Museum. The poem tells how a father is comforted for the loss of his child by a vision of her in another life and learns the lesson of resignation. Prof. Gollancz prints his text of the poem and his version on opposite pages, gives us a facsimile page of the MS by which we may judge of his correctness, adds a complete list of the alterations he has been forced to make in the readings of the probably incorrect copy which is all that remains to us, and photographic copies of the rude illustrations in the original. The poem of Boccaccio on a similar subject shows the difference between the treatment of it by an Italian of the early Renaissance and an Englishman untouched by any but native religious influences. The volume, which is No. 13 of the 'Mediæval Library,' is handsomely produced, and embellished by a drawing which Holman Hunt was moved to make of the Pearl and a quatrain by Tennyson. It is a pleasure to read and handle, and a monument of English scholarship.

We have received from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace its *Year Book* for 1920, giving reports of the manifold beneficent activities of that organisation up to the end of last year.



## FICTION

*The Beloved Woman*, by Kathleen Norris (Murray, 7s. 6d. net), is a variation of the theme (familiar to many as the basis of 'H.M.S. Pinafore') of babies exchanged at birth, the rightful heir brought up in comparative poverty, the old nurse's secret, the dying confession, and so on. But the plot, although ingeniously handled, and revitalised by the introduction of minor surprises, is the least attractive feature of Mrs. Norris's book. Norma Sheridan, the heroine, wayward, rash, torn between the natural greediness of youth and her inborn soundness of heart and intelligence, is very charming and human throughout; and it would be a callous reader that could not sympathise with her in her temptations and rejoice in her final victory. Her various associates, whether in the middle-class apartment in (or should it be "on"?) Sixty-fifth Street, or in the great Madison Avenue house, are presented vivaciously, and with an indulgent insight that makes them all pleasant company, despite their faults and pettinesses.

That part of *The Empty Sack* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net) which gives the book its title—the robbery of a bank by a young clerk, who subsequently murders from ambush a policeman who is on his track—is by far the most interesting. "It is hard to make an empty sack stand upright"; and it is the unshaken belief of Teddy Follett (as it was of Raskolnikov) that society not having sufficiently filled him with the desirable things of life, he is not to be blamed for revenging himself upon any individual members of it that happen to be handy. The fairness of this proposition, which the author, Mr. Basil King, would appear in some degree to defend, seems highly questionable; but the story of Teddy's crime, flight, and end is vividly told, in its colloquial way, and makes good reading. The remainder of the book, dealing with his sister's experiences as an artist's model, her fortunate marriage, and the contrasted home lives of the impecunious Folletts and the ostentatiously rich Collinghams, calls for no particular comment. The novel, like some others that we have seen during this publishing season, comes from the United States of America.

*The Heart of the Desert*, by Honoré Willis (Butterworth, 8s. net) is the Wild West romance, of whites and Indians, of cowboys and Navaho blankets, but in a new and pleasantly original form. The Indian is a graduate of Yale and a trained engineer, who, falling in love with a white girl, "verts" to savagery and carries her off by brute force. The story of the chase through the desert begins in very promising fashion, but is too long drawn out, and towards the end the encounters of the two parties, pursued and pursuers, become merely mechanical. Rhoda Tuttle is the clinging and insipid heroine of sentimental fiction, but her abductor is well-drawn, and, apparently, from careful observation. It would be unfair to give away the climax of the last few pages, which really has a certain dramatic force. To those who love adventure at a safe distance from themselves this book can be recommended.

*Red, White and Grey* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), despite certain crudities of construction which seem to suggest that the writer has not yet fully mastered the technique of her art, presents half a dozen characters, three men and three women, who are all living creatures, and who are depicted with subtlety, delicacy, and distinction. The three girls, the red, white and grey, represent roughly speaking, body, soul, and mind, but Lady Miles has not made the mistake of confining them to these qualities alone. Poppy Seymour, the adventuress and sensualist, if she has no ideals, at least knows what ideals are and feels her lack of them. Felicity Hamilton is a very clever study of a certain type of modern womanhood, who has abandoned the conventions of the past age without abandoning its prejudices. But it is the delightful Camilla and her young soldier husband who represent the triumphs of the book, her fine complexity contrasted with his still finer simplicity. It is a relief in these days to find in a novel women of the upper and upper-middle classes who are intelligent and even intellectual, without being freaks. One cannot help feeling that Lady Miles will one day write a really fine novel, and not merely a very good "seller," a class in which, though with some hesitation, we are inclined to place *Red, White, and Grey*.

*Horace and the Bird*, by Robert A. Hamblin (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) is the love story of two ordinary people, a London clerk and an unconsidered girl in a small country town. The story is well managed and diverting; the way in which Horace's character is brought under suspicion and afterwards cleared being its main interest. A chronicle of small beer well told.

*Adrian Grey*. By Joan Sutherland. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

Adrian Grey was a young member of Parliament, possessed of an intellect that was lightning in its quickness, highly educated, and subject to flashes of sheer genius. He spoke eight languages (of which five fluently), was amateur fencing champion of the world, extremely comely, and personally magnetic. Regarded as the coming man, he was invited to a political house-party, with a view to securing his services for the Opposition, which was at the time hoping to come into power. The members of this gathering were mostly "intellectuals," some of an ultra-modern type, who mentioned the names of Scriabin, Ravel, Mestrovic, and Marinetti, and were even inclined to question the authority of revealed religion. To this audience he expounded his political views, which were admitted to be unusual and interesting. He was not in favour of neglecting imperial and foreign affairs, merely to gratify the Labour

Party, or to make it possible to spend more money in relieving the wants of the unemployed; nor did he consider that "a temporary panacea was the way to lasting prosperity." Further, he informed that veteran statesman, Lord Arthur Gwynne, that, after close study of the subject, he had come to the conclusion that great wars were always followed by discomfort and economic difficulties. History, he argued, showed this plainly enough. It was perceived that he was marked out for a post in the next ministry; and, in an incredibly short time, as the author observes, he was Foreign Secretary, and regarded as likely to succeed his chief as Prime Minister.

Unhappily, he had, when a mere boy in Paris, fallen in love with a woman older than himself, who had mischievously taught him to drink absinthe. This taste for the Glaucous Witch developed into an intermittent vice; and, although (to put it colloquially) nobody ever "saw it on him," he regarded it as a menace to his career and a bar to his marriage with beautiful Mrs. Warnclyffe. The intervention of a famous medical man, who cured him by the exhibition of bromide of potassium and the employment of hypnotic suggestion, saved the situation; and the political and matrimonial outlook at the end of the book is a bright one for the hero.

The story has a subsidiary theme, dealing with Grey's successful efforts to save the reputation of his cousin Lois, a young member of the "smart set," who has stolen a friend's money in order to discharge her own gambling debts. The picture of political society is absurd; but there are some pleasant bits of scenery and the heroine, Anne Warnclyffe, succeeds in making us believe that she was a pretty woman, which is always something of a triumph for an author.

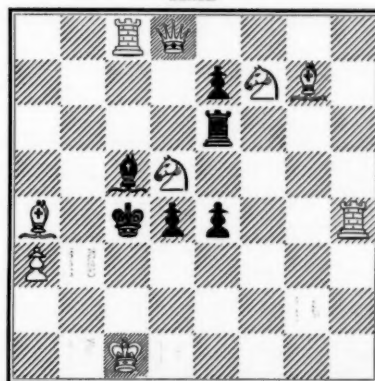
After the Amherst sale, which ends on Wednesday next, Messrs. Sotheby will offer on the 24th and 25th inst., a number of books from the libraries of Lord Long, Lord Cromer, Mrs. Dudley, and Col. Connal. Lord Long's books are mostly English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among them is a fine Rouen Book of Hours on vellum (1494), a number of quarto plays, some of great rarity, including the 1631 'Taming of the Shrew.' Lord Cromer's books are mainly editions of Classical authors, but include a set of Kipling, unfortunately bound uniformly. Mrs. Dudley's books include first editions of Ainsworth, Combe, Surtees and Dickens, and Col. Connal sends up a most important set of the 'Pickwick Papers' in their original parts. There are many other first editions of Dickens in the sale, which is further notable for a number of incunabula of the rarest kind on vellum, and some English books of which no other copy is known. The manuscripts offered are mainly service books of no marked distinction.

## Chess

## PROBLEM No. 2.

By A. F. MACKENZIE.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before Nov. 26.

## PROBLEM No. 1.

Solution.

WHITE :

(1) R-Q6

(2) mates accordingly.

BLACK :

Any move.

The chess editor invites contributions of hitherto unpublished problems and games. With so little space at present available for chess matter, it is probable that to make room for an occasional game with notes, the week's problem will have to stand over—unless set only in notation. Chess news at first-hand will also be welcomed.

The young Russian Alechin has won first place in the international competition held recently at The Hague, and is now certainly one of the few who may be expected to challenge Capablanca with reason for the world's championship at no distant date. The failure of the English representative to do himself justice at The Hague may be explicable by the fact that he is a busy man who tore himself from his occupation to enter

a masters' tourney without any adequate preparation. Yates "on form" is certainly as fine and strong a player as several of the well-known men who competed; and many of these pursue chess as a livelihood.

Mr. Amos Burn has adjudged Mr. B. E. Siegheim the prize for the best game in the recent championship contest at Malvern. His opponent was Sir George Thomas who, it will be recalled, was second to Yates, the British champion for this year.

In the Dresden tourney of '92, Blackburne won the following pretty ending of Marco:—White (Marco): K, K-Kt sq.; Q, Q-B 2nd; Rs, K sq. & Q-R sq.; B, K-B sq.; Kt, K-B3; Ps, K-R4, K-Kt 2nd, K-B 2nd, Q4, Q-B3, Q-Kt 2nd & Q-R 2nd. Black: K, K-R sq.; Q, K-Kt 5; Rs, K-Kt sq. and Q-R sq.; B, Q3; Kt, K-B5; Ps, K-R 2nd, K-B 2nd and 3, Q4, Q-B3, Q, Kt 2nd and Q-R 2nd.

Marco here played Kt-R 2nd, and Blackburne won with (1). . . Kt-R6 ch.; (2) K-R sq., Q-B5; Kt-B3, Q x Kt.; (4) P x Q, Rook mates.

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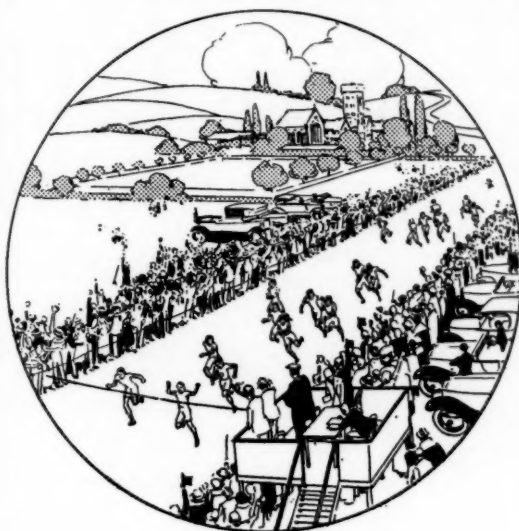
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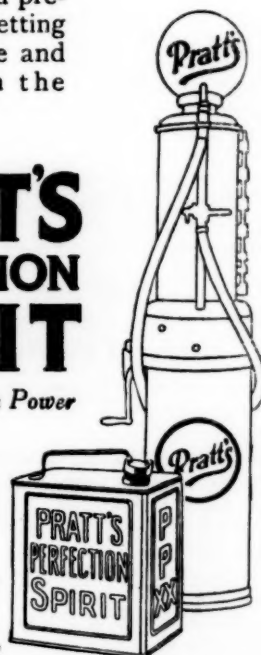
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